

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

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REVIEWS.

The Italian Cause: its History and its Hopes.
(Chapman & Hall.)

The Life of General Garibaldi. Translated
by his friend and admirer Theodore Dwight.
(Sampson Low & Co.)

The Italian Campaigns of General Bonaparte
(1796-7 and 1800). By George Hooper.
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The Italian War, 1848-9, and the last Italian
Poet. By the late Henry Lushington.
With a Biographical Preface by G. H.
Venables. (Macmillan & Co.)

It is an argument were needed to silence the querulous professions of fine feelings, in which the author of "The Italian Cause" indulges, such argument might be suggested even by the fact of our being compelled to wade about half-a-dozen books into one article, and to review their merits in a batch, instead of devoting a whole number of the LITERARY GAZETTE to the discussion of works on Italy and the Italians. It may be fairly supposed that the makers of these books have some reasonable expectation of finding readers, and how could readers for this numerous progeny of occasional productions be found, if we, as a nation, were as indifferent to the weal and woe of Italy—as unimpassioned, fish-blooded, and self-absorbed, as utterly void of generous feelings—as we are represented to be by the very writers and speakers who continually profess to appeal to those liberal sympathies and generous aspirations whose existence they deny, and with whose absence they reproach us. Without entering into the vexed question of the merits of the neutrality which this country thought proper to observe during the late war in the Peninsula, it will suffice to say that England had to make choice among a multitude of evils; that the passive and unprofitable part we acted was forced upon us by the nature of the complication, and that among the troubles still in store for Italy, an occasion may occur in which the true friends of Italian nationality and independence can give scope to their sympathies, without co-operating with principles of government of which they cannot approve, or aiding in the execution of schemes whose ultimate object is sedulously concealed from their view. In the mean time and in the neutral domain of literature, we are likewise compelled to consult our judgment rather than our feelings, and to speak with small favour of some publications, however excellent the objects aimed at by their writers. We do so for and in the interest of Italy. Nothing will so surely weary and disgust the public, nothing so effectually stifle all popular sympathies, and so hopelessly damage the highest and holiest cause, as a deluge of stale, wearisome, middling books and pamphlets, which a certain class of people are always flinging upon any question which strongly moves and interests the nation. A multitude of heavy logs will extinguish any fire.

Such a log is a bulky and pretentious pamphlet, entitled, "The Italian Cause: its History and its Hopes; or, Italy's Appeal to a Free Nation," which was written while the issue of the war was still undecided, and

which has now been published because it is quite as applicable to the state of affairs now as it was four months ago. Its general purpose is to prove that Great Britain alone must be held responsible for the miseries which may yet be inflicted on Italy; that England has the sacred and solemn duty to assist the Emperor Napoleon in executing his Italian schemes, whatever those schemes may be; that, by this means, and by this alone, can an end be put to that estrangement between England and France which threatens the dearest interests of Europe, and that, if ever the evil day come, "when hostilities exist between the two countries, the fault will be ours, and not that of the sovereign who rules the destinies of France." All this may or may not be true; enough for us that this is not the place fit for the discussion of such a question. But the authorship of the pamphlet and the false pretences under which its opinions, its warnings, and its advice are palmed off on the English public—these are fit subjects for our inquiry, and even censure. At first sight, and to a hasty reader, the pamphlet comes as the production of an English politician. The appeal is one in behalf of Italy; but the impression which the author intends producing is that it is an Englishman who makes it. A disinterested—an impartial—witness bears testimony for France and the Italian States; a free Briton, and an earnest lover of the Emperor Napoleon, endeavours to do his countrymen the good service which St. Patrick did to the blindworms crawling through the grass in Ireland. He seeks to open their eyes to "a sense of their situation." "Our foreign secretary announced to Europe;" "we are bound to give to those who, since the Crimean War, are our natural allies," etc.; "our neutrality means that we were not prepared," etc., etc. Let Sir Francis Head look to his laurels! That is the first impression. But a more careful perusal shows that for the present at least the worthy baronet need not fear for that singular form of originality which is so dear to his heart. No other English writer as yet disputes with him the favour of the Tuileries; for the author of "Italy's Appeal to a free Nation" is what he ought to be—an Italian. Even were it not for the strange romantic phraseology, the exuberance of the style, and that peculiar southern demonstrative vehemence which stamps the productions of the modern school of Italian pamphleteers—even had the translator been able more carefully to disguise or remodel the original—still the book in its arguments, in its facts, in its insinuating appeals to British virtues and British prejudices, would betray its author, an Italian journalist of Count Cavour's party. It is a *résumé* of Signor Farini's late pamphlet, and of the letters which that gifted and wordy politician contributed to the *Continental Review*; and the probability is that it was written by Signor Farini in the course of the war, before the necessity of the times called him to the dictatorship of Modena and Parma. But whether Farini or some other Italian wrote this book, it was both dishonest and imprudent to disguise the sentiments of a partisan (no matter how just the cause) under the semblance of a disinterested witness, and to vitiate his appeal by the false pretence under which he prefers it.

Mr. Hooper's "Italian Campaigns of the General Bonaparte" is among the victims of Villafranca. It saw the light a few days after Solferino, and the cessation of hostilities

consigned it to a premature grave, where we trust it will rest in peace, and whither, if the hearty blessings of a critic could bring about so desirable a consummation, it should be followed by Mr. Theodore Dwight's "Life of General Garibaldi." That gallant man's career is so extraordinary, so full of adventure, so abounding in materials for romance rather than for sober history, that it defies the exertions and destroys the labour of unskilled hands, and it is certainly not for want of a just appreciation of Garibaldi's noble devotion and brilliant talents that we most earnestly wish him a better biographer than Mr. Dwight can ever prove. Mr. Dwight has translated from Garibaldi's own manuscripts the account of a portion of the adventures of the popular hero of Italy, and this fragment, with numerous prefaces, appendices, and extracts from books and newspapers he offers to the public, which must be thankful for the gift since it cannot get anything better. There are, no doubt, some valuable materials in the 319 pages to which Mr. Dwight has mercifully limited his power of inflicting *ennui*, but the gold and the gems are buried in heaps of rubbish, and there is in this production no plan, no method, no sequence, no beginning, and no end. From the rare bits that possess anything like common interest, we select the description of General Garibaldi as he appeared to Mr. Theodore Dwight on his arrival at New York in 1850:

"He has a broad and round forehead; a straight and almost perpendicular nose, not too small, but of a delicate form; heavy brown moustaches and beard, which conceal the lower part of his face; a full, round chest; free and athletic movements, notwithstanding ill health and a rheumatism which disables his right arm; a full, dark eye, steady, penetrating, and pensive, but mild and friendly; an easy, natural, frank, and unassuming carriage, with a courteous nod and a ready grasp of the hand, as a recognition of one introduced by his friend, Foresti. Such was Garibaldi, as he appeared at the first glance, and before he had time to speak.

"His first words were uttered in a tone corresponding with the courtesy of his movements and the glance of his eye; while the freedom of his utterance, and the propriety and beauty of his language, drew all my attention from his form and features, to the sentiments he expressed and the facts he mentioned."

It is certainly no detraction from a hero's character or fame—it does not in the least imply a doubt of his talents and capabilities—when we deny him the essential qualities of a good writer. Still we feel assured there are people, and otherwise sensible people too, who hold a contrary opinion, and who consider that our want of recognition of General Garibaldi's claims to good authorship is both unjust and cruel. In their opinion, a man who is a hero and a patriot an excellent soldier and distinguished general, must of necessity be a good writer. To doubt his powers in that respect is almost sacrilege. It is true that some generals have used their pens and worked the press almost to as much purpose as they did their swords and their armies. Frederick the Great and Napoleon, had they confined themselves to the profession of letters, might have moved the world as writers of articles and pamphlets, and the Duke of Wellington, had his lot been cast on the troubled waters of the Temple or Lincoln's-Inn, might have influenced the fortunes of the empire as editor of the *Times*. But a good style is an additional grace: it is not a necessary condition to military greatness. General

Codrington's compositions have been more open to censure than his manœuvres, and even the writings of Lord Cardigan himself have occasionally exposed him to the malice of critics. An officer who gains his steps in one of the large European armies must be very silly or very ignorant if he fails to become a tolerable penman, for he has to labour quite as hard at the desk as in the saddle and in the field, and long before he is in a position to gain battles he has learned to describe them. Garibaldi, the son of a master mariner at Nice, after having acquired what little learning a clever boy could pick up in an Italian school some thirty or forty years ago, became a sailor at an early age, and after proceeding in a trader to Bologna, Marseilles, and Constantinople, made his way to Rio de Janeiro, and from thence to Rio Grande, where he at once took a part in the civil wars which devastated that portion of South America. From the first day of his partisan warfare he was a leader of men; he had no "states," no reports, no bulletins to compose; and while by small beginnings and short but sanguinary skirmishes he qualified himself for the command of armies, his faculties as a writer on military subjects remained undeveloped. The result is that his attempt to record the principal events of his career in South America is by no means in keeping with the brilliancy of his achievements.

Are we called upon to prove our assertions? Must we from the literal translation of the literal Mr. Theodore Dwight inflict long extracts on our readers, so that in weariness of heart they assent to our verdict? The triumph thus obtained would be a cruel one, and, mindful of our own sufferings on similar occasions, we confine our quotations to a few short specimens of style. The first we select is the

TRIBUTE TO A FAIR FRIEND.

"We celebrated the victory, rejoicing at our deliverance from a tempest of no small severity. At an estancia, twelve miles distant, when the news of the engagement was received, a young lady inquired, with a pallid cheek and evident anxiety, whether Garibaldi was alive. When I was informed of this, I rejoiced at it more than at the victory itself. Yes! Beautiful daughter of America! (for she was a native of the Province of Rio Grande,) I was proud and happy to enjoy your friendship, though the destined bride of another. Fate reserved for me another Brazilian female—to me the only one in the world whom I now lament, and for whom I shall weep all my days. She knew me when I was in misfortune; and her interest in me, stronger than any merit of my own, conquered her for me, and united us for ever."

SACK OF JAMAICA PORT.

"Changes were expected to take place at Laguna on the approach of the enemy, who were very strong on land; and little good-will shown by St. Catherine's induced some of the towns to rise against the Republican authority. Among these was the town of Jamaica, a place situated at the extremity of the lake. Canabarro gave me a peremptory charge to reduce it, and, as a punishment, to sack it. The garrison had made preparations for defence towards the water; but I landed at a distance of three miles, and attacked them unexpectedly from the mountains. The garrison being discomfited and put to flight, the troops under my command were soon in possession of the town. I wish, for myself, and for every other person who has not forgotten to be a man, to be exempt from the necessity of witnessing the sack of a town. A long and minute description would not be sufficient to give a just idea of the baseness and wickedness of such a deed. May God save me from such a spectacle hereafter! I

never spent a day of such wretchedness and in such lamentation. I was filled with horror; and the fatigue I endured in restraining personal violence was excessive. As for preventing robbery, that was impossible. A terrible state of disorder prevailed. The authority of a commander availed nothing; nor could all the exertions made by myself and a few officers control their unbridled cupidity. It had no effect to threaten them that the enemy would return to the fight in much greater numbers, and if they should take them by surprise, disbanded and intoxicated, would make a sacrifice of them,—though that was true to the letter. Nothing would prevent them from engaging in a general scene of pillage. The town, though small, unfortunately contained a vast quantity of spirits; and drunkenness soon became general. The men who were with me were new levies, whom I did not know, and wholly undisciplined. I am sure that if even fifty of the enemy had appeared, in those circumstances, we should have been lost.

"After a long time, by threats, blows, and some wounds, those wild beasts were marched out and embarked; several pipes of spirits were shipped for the division, and we returned to the Lagoon, while the Republican vanguard was retiring before the enemy, who were advancing with celerity, and very strong."

A BATTLE.

"The sun had not risen on the 16th of June, when the enemy began a cannonade, with all the force which they had been labouring to bring to the front in the night. The battle was then commenced; and it continued without interruption till nightfall, being sustained on both sides with great resolution. The first victim on board the Constitucion was again an Italian officer, of great bravery and of the highest promise, Giuseppe Barzone; and I regretted that I could not take charge of his remains, in consequence of the fury of the contest. Much damage was done on both sides. The Republican vessels were riddled and shattered. The corvette, in consequence of not having her shot-holes accurately stopped, leaked so much that she could not be kept afloat without great difficulty, the pumps being at work without cessation. The commandant of the Terceira had been killed in a most daring enterprise by land against the enemy's vessels. In him I lost my best and bravest companion. The killed were numerous, and still more the wounded. The remaining time I was constantly occupied on account of the sinking condition of the vessels. However, there were still powder and shot on board, and we must fight—not for victory, not to save ourselves, but for honour. Some men laugh at the honour of a soldier; but Italians have given strong proof of the existence and power of such a principle in their breasts, particularly in other places and at a later period than that to which we are now attending, especially when Rome was surrounded by the armies of four nations, in 1849, and long defended herself. Those who scoff at the idea of honour in an honest soldier who fights for his friends and country, can too often show base respect for men who abuse and assassinate their fellow-beings, or who claim to be the supporters of their political or religious opinions, though they may be monsters in cruelty or infamous in vice, especially if surrounded with the power of the great or the splendour of courts."

A partisan soldier's life on the coast and the lagoons, on the plains and in the ravines of South America, is of all subjects the freshest, the most varied, and the most suggestive of the romance of war. But how tame, and again how vapid; how wanting in detail, and yet how diffuse; how pragmatical, and yet how devoid of information are these passages from the life of a man whose whole career was a long romance. Mr. Sealsfield's short account of two battles in Texas is worth a dozen volumes written in the Dwight-Garibaldi style; it gives a vivid idea of the scene,

the cause, the heroes, and the battles of a South American war.

Those who doubt the importance of treatment as compared to matter, cannot do better than read M. About's "Roman Question." What subject more weary, stale, and unprofitable than that threadbare theme of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes? What more odiously familiar than the instances of misrule in the papal dominions? We will not refer to the past. Take the present only. Have not the daily and weekly papers of all countries considered this Roman question from every conceivable point of view which it is possible for sensible men to take? Have not clerical demagogues, from Dr. Cumming to the most miserable speaker that ever exhibited in Exeter Hall, uttered on it all the nonsense which fanaticism can hatch? Has not the question, in its bearings upon high statecraft, been spun out in a thousand parliamentary speeches and diplomatic documents? What topic is more wearily known? Did not Lord John Russell discuss it in speeches, and Lord Minto in despatches? And yet who can refuse to listen to M. About when he tells us that the Roman Catholic Church—which he sincerely respects—consists of one hundred and thirty-nine millions of persons, without counting the boy Mortara, and that it is governed by Seventy cardinals or princes of the church, in memory of the Twelve Apostles? Thanks to the controversial tendencies of the age, every schoolboy knows the number of Catholics who are still to be converted by Sir Culling Eardley's Protestant Alliance, and the more promising of the rising generation have very definite ideas with respect to cardinals, their numbers and their functions. But M. About's simple statement, slightly tinged with irony, and with its implied antithesis, dawns upon the mind like an astounding revelation. Throughout this book he says nothing but what is well known, yet such is the power of style, such that sublime cunning of art which looks like nature, that he says nothing but what falls upon the mind fresh and new, and no amount of honours and emoluments were a sufficient reward if he could be induced to take up and renovate some of our own threadbare questions.

The condition of the Pope's subjects is a most unenviable one, and their complaints are grievous. They say that the authority to which, without having either asked or accepted it, they are subject, is the most fundamentally absolute that ever was defined by Aristotle; that the legislative, executive, and judicial functions are united, confounded, and jumbled together in one and the same hand, contrary to the practice of civilised states and to the theory of Montesquieu; that they willingly recognise the infallibility of the Pope upon all religious questions, but that in civil matters it appears to them less easy to tolerate; that they do not refuse to obey, because, all things considered, man is not placed here below to follow the bent of his own inclinations, but that they would be glad to obey laws; that the good pleasure of any man, however good it may be, is not so good as the *Code Napoléon*; that the reigning Pope is not an evil-disposed man, but that the arbitrary government of one man, even admitting his infallibility, can never be anything but a bad government.

Need we say that we have copied M. About's text instead of commenting upon it? Or, would it be possible to add to the

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effect of the next paragraph, where priests are described as "administering both sacraments and promises; confirming little boys and the judgments of the lower courts; ordaining subdeacons and arrests; despatching parting souls and captains' commissions." The following is the remainder of the long list of grievances which, in justice to M. About and the Romans, we dare not curtail:

"That these servants of a most merciful but sometimes severe God simultaneously abuse both mercy and justice; that, full of indulgence for the indifferent, for their friends, and for themselves, they treat with extreme rigour whoever has had the misfortune to become obnoxious to power; that they more readily pardon the wretch who cuts a man's throat, than the imprudent citizen who blames an abuse.

"That the Pope, and the priests who assist him, not having been taught accounts, grossly mismanage the public finances; but whereas mal-administration or malversation of the public finances might have been tolerated a hundred years ago, when the expenses of public worship and of the Papal Court were defrayed by one hundred and thirty-nine millions of Catholics, it is a very different affair now, when they have to be supported by 3,124,668 individuals.

"That they do not complain of paying taxes, because it is an universally established practice, but that they wish to see their money spent upon terrestrial objects; that the sight of basilicas, churches, and convents built or maintained at their expense, rejoices them as Catholics, but grieves them as citizens, because, after all, these edifices are but imperfect substitutes for railways and roads, for the clearing of rivers, and the erection of dykes against inundations; that faith, hope, and charity receive more encouragement than agriculture, commerce, and manufactures; that public simplicity is developed to the detriment of public education.

"That the law and the police are too much occupied with the salvation of souls, and too little with the preservation of bodies; that they prevent honest people from damning themselves by swearing, reading bad books, or associating with libertines, but that they don't prevent rascals from murdering honest people; that property is as badly protected as persons; and that it is very hard to be able to reckon upon nothing for certain but a stall in Paradise.

"That they are made to pay heavily for keeping up an army without knowledge or discipline, an army of problematical courage and doubtful honours, and destined never to fight except against the citizens themselves; that it is adding insult to injury to make a man pay for the stick he is beaten with. That they are moreover obliged to lodge foreign armies, and especially Austrians, who, as Germans, are notoriously heavy-fisted."

That this detestable state of things should be allowed to continue has frequently been made a reproach to the Catholic Powers, by whose protection alone the Pope has been able to maintain his authority. M. About asserts that remonstrances have been made, and he quotes an imaginary letter, containing the summary of the arguments wherewith the Papal Court has hitherto silenced the protests of at least one of its protectors.

"We want your soldiers," writes the Cardinal Prime Minister, "and not your advice, seeing that we are infallible. If you were to show any symptom of doubting that infallibility, and if you attempted to force anything upon us, even our preservation, we would fold our wings around our countenances, we would raise the palms of martyrdom, and we should become an object of compassion to all the Catholics in the universe. You know we have in your country forty thousand men who are at liberty to say everything, and whom you pay with your own money to plead our cause. They shall preach to your subjects, that you are tyrannising over the Holy Father, and we shall set your country in a blaze without appearing to touch it."

The Papal States are most fertile and yet most unproductive. M. About found out that the activity and prosperity of the subjects of the Pope are in proportion to the square of the distance which separates them from Rome. He—but he had better tell his own story:

"I submitted my doubts to a venerable ecclesiastic, who hastened to undeceive me. 'The country is not uncultivated,' he said; 'or if it be so, the fault is with the subjects of the Pope. These people are indolent by nature, although 21,415 monks are always preaching activity and industry to them!'"

His Holiness the Pope has, with and without his will, sat to legions of sketchers. Of all the portraits we have perused we prefer that given by M. About. It brings the holy man bodily before us; we see, we almost think we can touch the short, stout, pallid, unhealthy personage, whose looks wrong his age—whose benevolent and sleepy countenance reveals good nature and lassitude, while it has nothing of an imposing character. He takes snuff while performing mass, and in his leisure hours he plays at billiards for the good of his health. He is, altogether, a highly respectable old man, and his character is made up of devotion, simplicity, vanity, weakness, and obstinacy, with an occasional touch of rancour. "He blesses with unction and pardons with difficulty; he is a good priest and an insufficient king." His uniform want of success in all his undertakings has procured for him the reputation of being a "jettatore," and while the Romans kneel down to receive his blessing, they snap their fingers to repel the influence of his evil eye.

Another portrait, one painted in the Rembrandt style, is that of Cardinal Antonelli, who "was born in a den of thieves"—at Sonnino, more celebrated in the history of crime than all Arcadia in the annals of virtue. Look at the landscape:

"Roads impenetrable to mounted dragons, winding through brakes and thickets; forests impenetrable to the stranger, deep ravines and gloomy caverns, lead up to and surround Sonnino, whose houses old, ill-built, flung pell-mell one upon the other, were depôts of pillage and magazines of rapine.

"The population, alert and vigorous, had for many centuries practised armed robbery and depredations, and gained its livelihood at the point of the carbine. New-born infants inhaled contempt of the law with the mountain air, and drew in the love of others' goods with their mother's milk. Almost as soon as they could walk they assumed the *sciocchie* or mocassins of untanned leather, with which they learned to run fearlessly along the edge of the giddiest precipices. When they had acquired the art of pursuing and escaping, of taking without being taken, the knowledge of the value of the different coins, the arithmetic of the distribution of booty, and the principles of the rights of nations as they are practised among the Apaches or the Comanches, their education was deemed complete."

Antonelli is an offspring of this "sensual, brutal, impious, superstitious, ignorant, and cunning race." He might have become a mighty hunter of men had not his early years been subjected to two opposing influences, and had not certain events "modified his conduct, although they failed to modify his nature." As he was growing into boyhood, the lot of Sonnino was cast on evil days. The French first, and after them the two Popes, Pius VII. and Leo XII., interfered with the industry and the amusements of the mountaineers. Some friendly brigands, uncles and cousins of little Antonelli, were shot or beheaded. Those whole-

some correctives, the wooden horse and the supple-jack, were permanently established in the village square. St. Peter's gate, next to the house of the Antonellis, was ornamented with a row of human heads, and young Giacomo was enabled to ponder on the inconvenience of brigandage, even before he had tasted its sweets. When the time came for him to make the evil choice of a profession, he took a most judicious course. A true-born child of Sonnino, his object was to live in plenty, to enjoy every source of pleasure, to make himself at home everywhere, to be dependent upon nobody, to rule and bully others, and, above all, to violate the laws with impunity. Determined to attain so lofty an end without exposing his life, for which he ever had a most particular regard, he entered the seminary at Rome, not indeed for the purpose of obtaining ordination, but with a view to escape the infliction of that sacrament. In the States of the Church, the cleverest and most hopeful students are devoted to the service of the body politic, while those who get *plucked* "are thought good enough for making priests."

We need not follow his successful career. Enough that he is prime minister and absolute master of Rome, and of the provinces which share her misfortunes; that he is fifty-three years old, and in excellent health:

"His frame is slight and robust, and his constitution is that of a mountaineer. The breadth of his forehead, the brilliancy of his eyes, his beak-like nose, and all the upper part of his face inspire a certain awe. His countenance of almost Moorish hue is at times lit up by flashes of intellect. But his heavy jaw, his long, fanglike teeth, and his thick lips express the grossest appetite. He gives you the idea of a minister grafted on a savage."

Behold him, "magnificently disdainful, and impertinent," assisting the Pope at a high church festival, or at an evening party, leaning over the chair of a handsome woman:

"The play of his countenance shows the direction of his thoughts, and those of the imaginative observer are imperceptibly carried to a roadside in a lonely forest, in which the principal objects are prostrate postilions, overturned carriages, trembling women, and a select party of the natives of Sonnino!"

No explanation and much less an apology is needed for our mixing up Mr. Lushington with this faggot of Italian sticks. The book which bears his name contains two articles on the Italian War of 1848 and 1849, and a biographical and critical sketch of the Italian poet Giuseppe Giusti, reprinted from the *Edinburgh* and from the *British Quarterly Review*. These contributions to two of our most important periodicals possess many points of merit; they supply to some extent the want of a systematic and readable history of that memorable struggle in which Piedmont engaged with Austria while all Europe stood aloof to watch the issue of the contest; and their republication in a separate form must be of the utmost value to the thousands who are not content with the blundering and partial narratives of modern events, manufactured by the great monopolist of the north. But by far the most important portion of the book is the biography of the writer supplied by Mr. Venables—a graceful tribute to the talent, the public, domestic, and social virtues of the late Henry Lushington, whose official banishment to Malta was a sort of first death, a departure from the realms of the living

in England, and a long, and, happily, a gentle agony, withering, wasting, and exhaling on the shady verandahs of white-terraced Valetta. Mr. Venables remarks with great justice that a colonial dignitary, after half a lifetime of divided interests and imperfect sympathies, generally returns at last to find himself an alien in a society which has forgotten and outgrown him. This last, perhaps the severest, trial, was spared Mr. Lushington, who died on his homeward voyage, within a few days' journey from our shores. We who never knew him, while we heard his praises from the English residents and from the natives of Malta, can bear witness to the fidelity of the picture drawn by Mr. Venables, and in such a case hearsay is more important than direct evidence. Gifted and yet humble, weak of body but strong of mind, powerful of feeling and sober of language, pure and equitable, and intolerant only of intolerance, Henry Lushington recalls one of the happiest and most touching delineations of character that ever escaped from the pen of Mr. Carlyle: "Sometimes like a spirit from beyond the grave, a bubble, long thought resolved into its original elements, will reappear, shining afresh, beautiful as ever, even seeming defying decay to soar happily up into the heavens. Image of those child-angel souls, who all their lives are as little children in spirit, as bright, pure and heaven-seeking as that sun-kissed bubble."

The Shot-Gun and Sporting Rifle: And Dogs, Ponies, Ferrets, &c., used with them.
By Stonehenge. (London & New York: Routledge, Warne, & Routledge.)

If there be a *mania* of the moment it is shooting. The "wretch," "monster," or other Englishman in spectacles, denounced by the peace papers during the late Italian campaign for booking a tolerable number of Austrians "to his own hook," was only gratifying a natural instinct, and turns out after all to be Major P., a west country militia officer. The *Times*, the other morning, in a racy article on St. Partridge and the first of September, proved unquestionably the truth of Samuel Rogers' burlesque on the English character: "It is a fine morning!—come, let us kill something." Too true, it may be, that the popular and patriotic attention of the country has of late been turned rather more in the direction of the amateur rifleman of the Italian campaigns; that is, if the formation of rifle clubs and the discussion of Armstrong guns and breech-loading pieces of all kinds, to the exclusion of almost every other earthly topic, be any criterion. Seeing that the current has so decidedly set in in this direction, it seems only lamentable to reflect that the subject should be one on which, like the great bell and clock machinery of Westminster, the noisiest debaters should be the worst informed. We would have thanked Stonehenge the more for coming to the rescue, but that by his own confession, until he commenced this book he was in the same situation as the rest, and it was only upon undertaking an editorial department of the *Field* newspaper that he was driven into an inquiry in order to resolve the true merits of this gun trick or question. We are bound to say that he has succeeded tolerably well, for this is the report of a commission, and Stonehenge has tolerable qualifications for commissioner. We confess also to not a little astonishment at the nature and variety

of the information to be mastered before attaining a perfect acquaintance with the shot-gun and rifle. These implements are not like the old fowling pieces, comprehensible at a glance. Their delicate mechanism—the very ingenuity manifested in their meanest appliances for loading the charge, for cutting the wadding, or perhaps merely holding the *rouleau* of cartridges, are in themselves studies and triumphs of invention.

Stonehenge has done a thing seldom resorted to by those professing to enlighten the public on a given subject. He has gone to the fountain-head, invaded the interiors of the gun-making institutions of England (for so we may call them), and in the present volume has actually exposed to light in print, if not trade secrets—no, these he says with a nod and a wink he has confined to his own bosom—facts which at all events had hitherto only gyrated within the charmed circle of professional makers. Something like this was indeed done a few months ago by Mr. Patrick Dive, a northern editor, who wrote on the revolver. But in that case, it appeared to us that the object of the treatise was to advocate Adams's particular make of weapon. Stonehenge repudiates any such intention. He gives the details of workmanship along, as we hope to show, with an incredible amount of information new to the public relating to the material employed in gun-making, and various elaborate drawings and sections which have never before been seen beyond the precincts of the pattern shop; but he asserts manfully that he has abstained from any risk or bias in favour of particular interests, and has not even availed himself of the supervision of a professed gun-maker to ensure technical accuracy. There is not much to regret in this: what the public probably lose in jargon is made up to them in statements of which the disclosure might not have been tolerated by a sensitive tradesman.

In thus stating the object of this new and welcome accession to sporting literature, we are, however, overshooting the mark, inasmuch as Mr. Walsh does not by any means consider us entitled to handle a good "tool" before he has taught us how to use it; and therefore, although the gun is in reality the great topic of this volume, it is preceded by instructions in shooting in all its varieties, as well as by a disquisition on the animals used by the shooter and their management; and followed up by naturalist notices of the game or quarry of the sportsman, together with a summary of the Game Laws.

First, lessons in shooting, however humiliating, commence with taking care not to shoot anything, whether your dog or your neighbour—just as duellists of the last century were carefully instructed not to wing the doctor. And if Mr. Walsh's pithy apophthegms were followed as strictly as they are enjoined, we should hear of fewer accidents by "field," whatever might become of those by flood. The gun is never to be pointed, in short, at any living object unless we really mean to hit it; and it is to be carried in three positions only—either with the trigger guard on the fore-arm and muzzle pointing to the ground; or with the stock in the hand, striker resting against the shoulder, and muzzle pointing towards the sky; or in the position proper for the moment when a shot is expected, as in walking up to dogs pointing, or when watching for rabbits crossing a narrow ride, viz., the muzzle still skyward, the stock against the right hip, but the hands laying hold in

the position for firing. Besides, almost every gun can now be left on half-cock or correspondingly bolted, and that is its safest position when not immediately wanted.

Marksmen are very graphically taught the difference betwixt aiming at a dead mark and shooting flying. The former consists in carrying the eye along the barrel till the sight is seen to cover the object. But in shooting flying you will either aim imperfectly or will "miss" in taking the eye off the object to look along the barrel. In the dead shot the tyro for instance may begin practice in-doors with a percussion cap only, for if proper aim be taken he will snuff it out with this at a couple of yards. Should he aim at a target, however, with a small charge of shot (three-quarters of an ounce) and two drachms of powder, he may practice at thirty yards; when he will discover the circle covered by his shot to be from forty to thirty-six inches in diameter, and therefore the killing of a bird sitting on a post may not proceed from accuracy of aim, for it may happen that an outside stray shot proves fatal, and that the centre of the charge was nearly two feet aside. Shooting flying is done by looking at the object and instinctively (as Mr. Walsh thinks) directing the gun. In other words, he thus describes the faculty of taking good aim which some men possess, and some do not, and which he is so far right is therefore instinctive. The whimsical suggestion is made of getting a friend to throw a potato into the air—not directly upwards—but straight away, or from right to left, or vice versa, so as to imitate everything but the "whirr" of the partridge—and a capital thing, too, for all cockney sportsmen, saving the whole cost of a moor and a certificate. On hitting the potato, he is empowered to try his hand at hedge sparrows—not sitting, oh! shame in the conception,—but beaten forth and in flight; and should the sparrows be too quick for Master Tyro, he is to—put salt on their tails?—but much about it—"put their heads through a hole (*sic*) in a small piece of paper, which will retard their flight!" Rook shooting comes next. Oh! April, verily thou hast thy fools; and there is not a baker from Lizard Point to Dunnet Head but vows himself a rook-pie in the season, and thus goes through this stage of initiatory gun-practice! Mr. Walsh as a sportsman pronounces it however "unimproving," because one's baker gets so few shots flying—and he is allowed to shoot sitting, his object being that of filling a pie.

Pigeon-shooting, for years confined to low and generally to country public-houses—for in the dreary midlands you could see the Brummies walking out miles through the mud to a shooting-match any wet day from autumn to Christmas—in 1858 suddenly became fashionable at Hornsey Wood House, under the auspices of the Earl of Stamford, Lord Huntingfield, the Hon. Dudley Ward, and Mr. Bateson. It is now, in fact, considered tolerable preparatory practice for game-shooting, and has been put expressly under laws of its own. Without meaning to set up for humanitarians, we must say that there is some cruelty in this sport. The traps, in which the pigeons are confined, are ranged in a row and pulled open by strings held in the hand of one person, so that the skill partly depends on being ready to shoot at the bird wherever he may rise. The birds themselves are what are called "blue rocks." Tame pigeons, though often substituted, will not do; and, Barber, the chief London pur-

veyor, will proper bird in any case in obtaining houses. N bird," the killed, or bird" or having the fusing to fire alleged, cor the birds' them into and thus g and in gath ing. This inethat cas ey and ha said Barber

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joyer, will often send two hundred miles for proper birds, on occasion of a great match. In any case, the pigeon-shooters are particular in obtaining them from retired farm houses. Now, in order to be scored "a fair bird," the pigeon must be killed; if not killed, it will either be scored as a "lost bird" or as "no bird" at all—the shooter having the option of calling out so, and refusing to fire. The cruelty, which we have alleged, consists in pulling out feathers from the birds' tail coverts, just before putting them into the trap, "to make them lively, and thus go off keenly," quoth Stonehenge; and in gathering the birds again after shooting. This last may be done by a man, and, in that case, it requires great quickness of eye and hand, at which the son of the aforesaid Barber is the greatest known adept:

"For it often happens that one will drop from a momentary stunning, without being winged or mortally wounded in the body or head. In such a case, the moment the man approaches within a yard or two, the pigeon rises and probably just scrambles over the boundary. The skilful gatherer creeps stealthily and in a crouching attitude up to within a couple or three yards of his victim, when stooping as low as he can without interfering with the action of his legs, he rushes with a short and very quick action of them to and by the bird, and, when passing, picks it up by the head, or sometimes, when he has a large hand, by the back just behind the wings. To do this neatly requires considerable practice, and, as it is of considerable importance to success in a match, a good gatherer is highly valued and proportionally paid."

This is the only instance, we believe, in which man competes successfully with the dog in the dog's own line; for "dogs," as Stonehenge declares, "are sometimes used to retrieve pigeons, but they are not nearly so clever as such active men as the son of the celebrated Barber." The birds rise at from twenty to twenty-five yards and must fall shot within the boundary of from eighty to one hundred yards. In sparrow-shooting from traps, the rise is twenty-one yards and the boundary from forty to sixty.

The intermediate portions of this volume, though not the most legitimate, are by far the most interesting, since it is decidedly on the wild moors or on the fine manors, in the damp fens or the woodland haunts of the woodcock, nay, flapper-shooting at wild and fowl, or even deer-stalking in the Highlands, that Mr. Walsh finds himself most at home. An extract or two will disclose the easy nonchalant manner in which he dashes off these portions of his task, and call up the scenes of which very many are at this moment thinking:

THE MOORS.

"The Capercaillie and the Ptarmigan are both so rare that it is scarcely necessary to allude to the ground upon which they are found beyond the slight notice which has been given of each in the several descriptions of these birds. But red grouse and black game constitute the staple of the grouse-shooter's amusement, and the nature of the ground which they frequent should be well known before the young sportsman commits himself to this kind of work. With the exception of deer-stalking, there is no species of British sport which so thoroughly tasks the energies of man as grouse-shooting; if it is pursued with energy and spirit; for, though it may be possible for the lover of nature to saunter away a morning among the beautiful scenery which is generally displayed to his gaze, without any great fatigue, yet, if the bag is to be filled, he must keep up a steady, unflagging walk over hill and dale, and generally over heather or rough ground of some kind, which will make him lift his legs higher than is amusement to unaccustomed to the task. Now and then, also,

he must expect to sink ankle deep or a little deeper, perhaps, in a bog, which species of ground is to be found in almost every moor. Indeed, it is from the peaty and naturally poor nature of the soil that those extensive districts known as moors are not cultivated in the ordinary way; grasses of a very poor description, heather, and ling being their chief products, as far as the vegetable kingdom is concerned. Independently of game, sheep and cattle are the only stock which are fed upon these moors, and the proportion of these per acre is very small as compared even with the downs of England. Of late years, by burning a large tract of heather every year, which greatly encourages the growth of grass for a time, the amount of stock which the moors will carry has been enormously increased; but this gain to the sheep-farmer is a loss to the sportsman, inasmuch as grouse require a high growth of heather for protection, and plenty of young shoots for food, both of which wants are interfered with by burning; in addition to which, in proportion to the numbers of sheep is the disturbance of the grouse increased, not merely from these animals themselves, but from the necessary supervision of the shepherds and their dogs. All these circumstances combined, together with the grouse disease, which seems to increase in proportion to the inroads of the sheep, appear to be gradually interfering with the moors as nurseries for game; but more serious than all is the system of poaching which is carried on in the breeding season and also in the autumn. The nests of these birds are now systematically robbed of their eggs, which are sold partly to stock other moors and partly to satisfy the appetites of gourmands, who care nothing how they spoil sport so long as their palates are gratified.

It will be obvious that the fatigue of walking the moors is not to be lightly encountered, except by those in the possession of health and strength. The invalid, or naturally weakly sportsman, should make up his mind either to put up with an inferior bag, or else to take to a shooting-pony, which will enable him to get over nearly as much ground as his more active friends. Furnished with a well-broken animal of this class, he may generally keep within reach of his dogs; but it will often happen, nevertheless, that he will be obliged to make slight detours, where an active man on foot would readily go straight to his point. The air of the moors is generally of a very bracing character, and many men can take severe exercise on them who would be incapable of going through a walk of half a dozen miles in length after partridges in the south. On some moors the accommodation is pretty good, but generally speaking the sportsman must be content to rough it; and unless he takes his cook with him, he will find the fare of a very primitive character. Mountain mutton, salmon, and grouse are delicacies of the most delicious kind, but *toujours perdrix* tires any stomach, and a month of this fare with no other addition will generally satisfy the most ardent admirer of such viands, especially if the exercise has been confined to the amount which the shooting pony gives; while, on the contrary, a day's hard walking will make even oat-cakes taste well to the Englishman's palate, and that is no slight test of its good effects."

With regard to dogs, setters, if for grouse shooting alone, appear to possess the author's confidence; if, however, for partridge shooting also, pointers would seem to be preferred. The gun, a hard-hitting No. 12, large bore, and the shot No. 6 or No. 5. The best dress is the heather plaid, made up to the actual colour of the blossom, as least likely to attract the attention of the grouse, and always woollen flannel next the skin moreover, if you would avoid severe colds or rheumatic attacks.

Coming nearer home, the common partridge, red-legged, or French, or Guernsey partridge, quail, land-rail, plover, &c., are described as they appear upon our southern manors; and common fairness, as well as a sense of the deference to the impulse of the

moment requires another short extract relative to

OUR PARTRIDGE MANORS.

"The partridge land of England includes nearly all that cultivated by the plough; but of this a considerable part is not naturally suited to the habits of these birds, who prefer a dry sandy soil, not too level, but undulating enough to keep their nests dry in all weathers. The turnip and barley lands, of which Norfolk and Suffolk are almost entirely composed, render these counties the chosen ones of partridge preservers, and here the sport of shooting them is followed with as much zest as grouse shooting in Scotland. In cold clays, where turnips until lately were never met with, and are somewhat rare, partridges will breed in dry seasons, provided they are not too dry; but here there is generally no lying for them in the shooting season, and they become so wild as to be unapproachable in the day-time; the poacher also easily netting them at night. Where wheat was reaped and the stubble fields were left unploughed till November, partridges might be shot in the stubble as late as the end of October; but these fields are now sown so close in bagging them, or are so soon broken up, that the sport cannot be protracted beyond the middle of September. Some of the finest lands in England for partridge shooting are those parts of our downs which are under the plough; for they are mostly planted with turnips sufficiently to hold birds, while at the same time the plants are not high enough to prevent a dog finding birds in them."

The observations on "Woodcock Shooting" are borrowed from various writers in the *Field* newspaper.

To return to the subject proper of the book, or rather of its title, when the topic of the rifle, and the objects for which it is used, come to be introduced. This chapter will be turned to at the present moment with eagerness, since war is understood to be the leading purpose of this choice implement of destruction. Subsidiary to war, however, we have the rifle sports of target shooting, deer stalking, rook and rabbit shooting; and it is to these that Mr. Walsh successively addresses himself in the way and manner we have been illustrating. He gives the natural history of the deer, an account of the Scotch deer forests; but having no personal experience of deer stalking, falls back upon the well-known text of Mr. Scrope.

The second book is altogether relating to dogs, and Mr. Walsh's darling creatures figure in it under the favoured auspices of their appropriate usefulness. The illustrations of pointers and setters are perfectly graphic and beautiful. The rearing and breaking, as well as the varieties of them being discussed, we have here in fact a compendium of canine education. Not less interesting are the chapters on field spaniels (both springers and cockers) hunting by foot scent, and all taught to retrieve, or should be so. Nevertheless, such is not their province, but that of the retrievers proper—nobler specimens of the race, and comprising the deerhound, the Newfoundland, at least the small breed crossed with the setter, and the crosses of pointer and terrier, and beagle and terrier, independently of the water retrievers, the pure St. John's Newfoundland and the water spaniel, Irish and English. All these dogs are figured in a profusion of illustrations. So also are rabbit dogs (terriers), Scotch, Skye, Dandie Dinmont, and half-bred, and even ferret and polecat. The department winds up with an account of the management of the shooting pony and of sporting dogs, their dressing and physic; and when we have said all this, we should think that a sporting character would feel at some loss to conceive what instruction he

could want which was not to be found in this book. Armed therewith, the foot of Mr. Briggs is most effectually "upon the heather, and his name is Macgregor!" Should the reader feel the slightest astonishment at the circumstance of the contents dealing so extensively in animated nature, when the title-page chiefly points to the weapons of destruction, we are bound to tell him that there is another half to the volume, by far the most able and original, as indeed we have already explained. But we are not going to bore our public with mechanical details of such exceeding intricacy and ingenuity; the best thing for them is to consult Mr. Walsh's own words.

It is quite certain that a careful study of this book, from the 168th page onwards, will have the inevitable effect of imbuing the sportsmen and riflemen of England with a perfect mastery of their weapons, and a correct knowledge, not only of their details, but a familiarity with the principles of gunnery and projectiles, which, we venture to say, not one in a thousand of all who handle firearms ever once dreams of investigating. Were it only, however, in order to know and render available the singularly beautiful and inventive improvements which have recently been applied with such felicity to the art—merely to solve the problem of breech or muzzle-loading, or to acquire some idea of the power of gunpowder and of detonatives—the book would be worth reading. Hudibras, or rather his witty and incomparable author, said of the old schoolmen that,

All a rhetorician's rules
Serve only but to name his tools.

But of sportsmen it may too generally be asserted that they have begun entirely at the opposite end, and have long used their formidable weapons without directing the mind to master a competent knowledge of them. It would, therefore, be impossible to name a work more likely to commend itself to the British sportsman for a pocket companion than this, which absolutely redeems his ignorance, and familiarises him for the first time with the truths which the cracks of his rifle and fowling-piece have been so irregularly reducing to practice.

Realities of Paris Life. By the Author of "Flemish Interiors." Three Volumes. (Hurst & Blackett.)

DR. LINGARD, cardinal *in petto*, recommended his co-religionists to write Catholic books in such a manner that Protestants may be induced to read them. This somewhat Jesuitical advice has been strictly followed by our author, and it is for this reason that the attractive title quoted at the head of this notice was adopted. Comparisons are proverbially odious, and doubly so are those drawn to the disparagement of one's native country, and the glorification of a hostile priesthood, supported by cooked statistics and palpable misstatements; the pill therefore required gilding by the prefix of a description of the Parisian costermongers, chiffonniers, and charlatans, their habits of life, and the rookeries which they occupy. The first volume and part of the second are unexceptionable in matter, and display a profound knowledge of the inner life of the French capital, but they are interspersed with French, not always of academic purity, and those readers to whom this will not prove a stumbling-block will probably be familiar with the works of MM. Privat D'Anglemont and Eugene Sue, who have

left but scanty gleanings to those who follow them into a field which they have made peculiarly their own.

The author's object in writing this work has been to hold up to our admiration what he is pleased to suppose the moral and religious superiority of Paris over London, caused by the greater excellence of the Catholic over the Protestant form of Christianity. He supports these pretensions by systematically putting the worst possible face upon everything in England, and making everything in France appear *couleur de rose*.

The Romish doctrine of the communion of saints, or, as we should say, of purgatory, is surrounded with a halo of mandarin sentiment in the chapter on the "Jour des Morts;" but we wish the author had favoured us with an explanation of the brutal levity and indifference manifested by the Parisians in their visits to the Morgue, where obscene jokes are cracked over the hideous stark and naked bodies there exposed, and the grumbings uttered when by accident the marble slabs are unoccupied, and the visitors defrauded of their fun. Are the three hundred corpses annually exhibited here to the gaze of men, women, and children, all suicides; or is there no purifying fire for the man who falls off a boat or drops down in a fit in the street, that no prayer should be offered or cross made for his benefit, or do the undertakers' trappings of woe make the difference and command all the respect? We are informed that "to the Catholic the *Jour des Morts* is a season of mental repose and retirement, and of tender recollections," the mental repose being promoted doubtless by the contemplation of the tombs of those he has loved and lost, and the reflection, if they have lived a holy life, that their souls are undergoing unspeakable torments for countless ages preparatory to entering the heaven of bliss; or, in the other case, are consigned to eternal torments.

The writer cannot touch upon the characteristics of military life without a sneer at the British army, and a contrast "between the French and English, or, rather, the Catholic and Protestant soldier," of course to the disadvantage of the latter. When speaking of the services rendered to the army during the Crimean war by the Sisters of Mercy, our author draws a parallel between them and Miss Nightingale, which we give *in extenso* as a specimen of the ingenuous nature of his remarks:

"True daughters of the noble but lowly St. Vincent; humbly, hopefully, and prayerfully they went to their responsible and glorious, but to them natural and simple duties: silently, thoughtfully, and noiselessly, they returned to resume them in other spheres. They were not numbered, they were not named: under the coarse grey habit and snowy corsetta-uniform with the 139 others, scattered over the world, to do their Lord's work—none could know which was a peasant, which a peeress, and which a princess. This fact was effectually and intentionally concealed from the curious eye of the world.

"No 'special correspondent' noted their individual—no, nor yet their collective—exertions; no newspaper praise recorded their deeds or lauded their endurance; no ovation welcomed their return; no subscriptions were raised on their behalf; no hospitals will be erected in their honour, or named after their names; and no sovereigns invited them to their palaces or decorated them with ornaments of gold and precious stones. Oh, no! They are too ambitious to be satisfied with such rewards as these; a perishable monument of stone will not suffice to satisfy their

upward longings: an immortality which can but endure as long as the human race is too brief for those whose aspirations are directed to the possession of eternal crowns which may glitter for ever on their brow; for the Palace of the King of Kings is that to which they seek to be invited—not for the transitory visit of a guest, but to claim their birthright, and to reign with Him as heirs of His Glory and His Power to all eternity."

We lay no stress on the fact that the *Sœur Rosalie* was made Knight of the Legion of Honour, nor that steps have been taken to secure her canonisation, as we have no wish to imitate this anonymous writer in imputing to unworthy motives charitable deeds, even when performed by a person differing in creed from ourselves. Other instances of our author's "charity" abound throughout the work; here is a specimen:

"What? it is *you* who have sent for me!" said a priest who had just been led to the bedside of a sick man. "You! the free-thinker of the regiment, the doctor in impurity! I thought, last time I heard of you, you were going to become a Protestant! Why don't you send for the minister!"

"Yes, M. l'Aumônier, it is I. I desire to confess my sins, sincerely and humbly, and all those you have mentioned among the rest. You see Protestantism and such like is all very well when you are likely to live; but, added he with a groan, 'C'est le diable, pour mourir.'"

Again, when reading of the heroism of the Catholic priests during the cholera in the Crimea, we are astounded by discovering that:

"It is curious to contrast the Catholic and Protestant theory on this subject. While the duty and the happiness of the Catholic priest consists in comforting and administering the sick and dying to whom this world can no longer offer any consolation, the Protestant minister is actually forbidden by ecclesiastical authority (Vide charge of Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin), to approach such of his parishioners as are attacked by infectious diseases, alleging that the sick-bed—and therefore most of all, the death-bed—is no place for such ministry. 'Their business is to preach the Gospel.'"

"Of course his grace ought to know, far be it from us to call in question so exalted an authority."

Englishmen are not habitually guilty of stabbing in the dark, nor firing from behind a hedge at their enemy; they leave that mode of argument to less educated nations. The anonymous defamation of a worthy man is almost equally culpable; and we therefore challenge the author to avow himself manfully, to give the full particulars by which this charge may be substantiated or disproved, and abide boldly by the consequences of a statement repeated more than once in the course of his work.

Everything goes wrong in England, if we believe our author. M. Louis Veuillot himself could not draw a more gloomy picture of the moral condition of this den of heretics, nor Louis Blanc find better materials for a new edition of his "Décadence." Our police is inefficient, yet guilty of the same amount of espionage as that of France; our laws are badly administered; our "press, which is allowed a great deal of liberty, and takes a great deal more," is rampant; and our criminality something frightful to behold. Of course "they manage these things better in France." The French police is "not only retributive and repressive, but likewise preventive; it is eminently and essentially detective; and, when least suspected, lays its sure and unyielding grasp upon the first germs of a plot;" accordingly we find that Orsini and Pierri are offered every facility for introducing their shells

into Paris, shattering the Emperor's carriage, and killing or wounding his escort, while Mazzini travels at his pleasure.

But infanticide, or child murder, as he prefers very justly to call it, is our author's stronghold; and so, after having recourse to the classics, by quoting Simonides, Sophocles, and Solon, as well as Horace and Seneca, à propos to the Jour des Morts, we have Euripides and Ovid produced in evidence—of what? Why, "the superior morality of the heathens themselves as regards this particular offence, when compared with Christian nations, and more especially that nation of all, the most self-righteous and the noisiest in its professions;" and a most characteristic reason is assigned therefor:

"It has been supposed by a great authority that the reason why child-murder is so much less prevalent on the Continent than in England, may be the importance attached to the sacrament of baptism by Catholics, and a Catholic mother, though as eager to conceal her shame as a Protestant, will recollect herself, and pause ere she commit that awful and inexplicable crime, which she knows may be more tremendous in its consequences than any other description of murder, since it must follow her child into eternity, and deprive him of that bliss unspeakable which the Beatific Vision alone can impart; seeing that, although he might enjoy a state of happiness of which we have no idea, yet the Church teaches from our Lord's own words, as recorded in the Gospel of St. John, that 'Except a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.'"

Benighted heretics as we are, and cut off from the light of the true faith, we were ignorant that any soul "for ever separated from the face of God" could be supposed capable of enjoying anything approaching to a state of happiness; but Cardinal Wiseman asserts it, and our author backs his opinion. "Of course his" eminence "ought to know—he be it from us to call in question so exalted an authority!" Our readers may judge of the probability of a woman who is about to dip her hands in her infant's blood staying to "balance" an abstruse point of doctrine, involving the difference in degree between the "bliss unspeakable which the Beatific Vision can alone impart," and "a state of happiness of which we have no idea;" or, when risking her immortal soul by the commission of this most awful crime, speculating on the "ever yawning gulph between herself and her child, supposing she should afterwards become penitent and obtain forgiveness." We have indeed heard rumours (for the truth of which we will not vouch) that this difficulty is overcome in some convents by systematically baptising the infants born there previous to their destruction, the double end being thereby answered of avoiding scandal in the church, and at the same time peopling heaven with souls; but in this case the mothers are not the executioners.

We have heard it asserted, that a common clause in deeds of contract of marriage in France contains a stipulation that no more than two children shall be born of the marriage, so as to prevent a division of the property. Whether this can be considered likely to promote morality, our readers may judge; and the measures taken for this purpose may be imagined, when we learn that Dr. Deville, after long and conscientious researches, has demonstrated the fact, that the number of still-born children in Paris has been continually on the increase for thirty years, and has risen from 5 per cent. on the deaths in 1829 to 11 per cent. in

1859, and he explains this by the habitual recourse to means for procuring abortion, and calls upon the government to devise means for suppressing this frightful crime. Perhaps this will not be considered as child-murder by our author, and may open the door to a flood of casuistry regarding the existence or non-existence of a human soul under such peculiar circumstances. It is an ascertained fact that the number of illegitimate children in France is nearly equal to those who are legitimate, while the proportion in England is two of the former to forty-two of the latter.

But who in their senses that knows anything of France either by personal observation of the most intimate kind, or through her history, or her literature, or her drama, or any other test that it is possible to apply, can believe that the moral tone of society there is superior to that of England? Even granting an excess of infanticide in this country (which we deny), this excess might even be favourably interpreted, as proving the fearful alternative to which the dread of loss of character drives the unhappy victim of seduction, caused by this very superiority of tone in the morals of society. But a truce to these recriminations.

Having exhausted the statistics of crime, and having proved, to his own satisfaction, that Protestantism is a most debasing heresy, our author comes to the consideration of the charities of Paris. We have no wish to depreciate the value of the different works undertaken to relieve the distress of the poor or to renovate the character of the vicious—and truly both classes abound in Paris; but we must deprecate the sneers and jibes at Protestant movements of a similar kind, which prove nothing but their author's puny malignity.

Our author draws a most amusing sketch of what he thinks the characteristics of Catholic charity and Protestant philanthropy. We had imagined these words to be very nearly synonymous. The writer, however, draws a distinction where we can find no difference, but he falls into a grave error in making his definition,—perhaps he never met with the words of St. Paul: "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

"And here we must draw a very important distinction between those institutions which are the dry, unproductive, but well-sustained and respectable monuments of philanthropy, and those results which spring from the exuberant sympathies of charity. It is a curious study to mark the origin and progress of specimens of the two genera respectively. Our English readers are acquainted with the committee system, which of necessity fosters into being the first of these; and the charity-balls, and charity-bazaars, and charity-dinners, which produce the funds; and the printed placards announcing that the Earl of Phinnikin will take the chair, and that Messrs. Chanticleer and the Misses Rosignolini will add to the attractions by singing glees and madrigals. They know all about the gentlemen stewards, and the plate that is handed round when the *stridor dentium* and the *clangor gentium* have somewhat subsided, and the company have feasted themselves into good humour; for the amount produced by the "guinea tickets" has barely sufficed to cover the expenses of the turtle and venison, the champagne and ices, the liqueurs and choice fruits, destined as a means to an end, but forming a not unimportant portion of the machinery by which this kind of philanthropy is called into being and nurtured.

"They know, too, how these preliminaries and others, among which we ought not to omit mention

of the "charity sermons," by the Lord Bishop of this or that diocese, are succeeded by announcements to the effect that the site has been purchased, and the building designed, and the erection completed, but that a heavy debt has been incurred, and more of the above-named modes of raising the wind must therefore be put into requisition to pay off the liabilities, and to enable the undertaking to square its accounts and to start fair."

In order to have enabled us to form a correct estimate of how the money for the support of French charities is raised, our author should have informed us that, besides that paid by fair penitents for absolution instead of penance, and the purchase of indulgences, one-fourth part of the receipts of all theatres and places of amusement is appropriated to the purposes of charity; thus the associations to which this writer would give *éclat* at the expense of English charities are themselves to a great extent supported by the Sunday receipts of theatres, and dancing and singing rooms answering to the Eagle Saloon, Cremorne Gardens, the Holborn Casino, and places of a still more equivocal character, to say nothing of lotteries and musical entertainments in the churches, with seats at a franc and upwards. What would the "Anglican parsons" and "Exeter Hall parsons," as our friend courteously styles them, say, if a proposition were made to them to resort to a *bal masqué* to maintain an establishment for promoting the extension of the sacraments, or to a *Loterie du lingot d'or* towards reclaiming pickpockets from the sin of covetousness; or, again, an exhibition of *posées plastiques* to support a penitentiary for lost women? Yet such are the sources whence the greater part of French charities derive their funds. Those who live in glass houses should carefully avoid throwing stones.

We are startled with the intimation that Paris is more charitable than London, and the evidence of this fact adduced is a list of 132 societies and associations for charitable objects, 14 communities of nuns and sisters of mercy, 34 hospitals containing 21,500 beds, and 12 government offices for the distribution of relief, making 192 charities, partly governmental, partly monastic, and partly private; and on the strength of this Paris is stated to take the lead in charity; while in London there are upwards of 750 places of worship, each of which has at least one charity attached to it, to say nothing of public hospitals, charity schools, Sunday, day, and infant schools, ragged schools, visiting societies, and philanthropic establishments without number, all supported by voluntary subscriptions, and, except the schools, all independent of government aid. One thing our author might have mentioned, the omission of which exhibits his partiality in its true light, namely, the existence of Protestant charities in Paris, as well French as English and German, for they are neither few nor unimportant.

The work concludes with a notice of the Société de la Propagation de la Foi, which gives occasion for attacks of a similar character to those we have already mentioned on the Protestant missionaries. But, in truth, if the Catholic body is wise it will see that the least said on this subject, the better for them. Our space is limited, or we could extend these remarks to a much greater length, without exhausting this eminently Jesuitical book; but as our author promises a continuation of his work, we may have an opportunity of replying more at large on a future occasion.

Travels in Greece and Russia, with an Excursion to Crete. By Bayard Taylor. (Sampson Low.)

"AFTER giving up the hope of enjoying a Siberian winter" is the first line Mr. Bayard Taylor writes in this book of travel; and, with such an opening, who can expect to find a single traveller's complaint in the entire volume? Cretan liars, Greek thieves, Polish Jews, Russians *purs et simples*—Mr. Taylor speaks of them all with a geniality which is positively captivating. Mr. Taylor's portmanteau might go one way, his valise another, and his hat-box a third, and he would calmly sit down and confidently hope for their return, and not allow one frown to deform his features. Then as to diet—few are the American or English travellers who would pass through Greece and Russia without a protest against many modes of cookery: not so Mr. Bayard Taylor. He never complains once of even a single dish—he cried "Good is my digestion," and swallowed whatever smoked before him. He is the real appreciating traveller, who starts without scented soap or Baden towels, and who, losing his tooth-brush, would cheerfully set to work with his fore-finger; a rarity who does not think it necessary to state that the potatoes were bad here, the asparagus nauseous there, and that under the circumstances cucumber would have been infinitely preferable. A blissful traveller, who would fall asleep contentedly in the Arctic region, and express no angry surprise if awakened the next morning in Calcutta. "I cheerfully testify," says our traveller, "that the Gulf of Fiume is as rough a piece of water as the Bay of Biscay"—here is a subject to be cheerful over! In a few words, Mr. Taylor is an enthusiast, and no sooner does he arrive in Greece than he flings himself on his knees before that land, and all she contains, and he cries "Io," and goes about in a perpetual genuflection. When the Ragusan mother lays her infant son to sleep in the field, she does so, according to Mr. Taylor, on a soft stone; when he arrives amid the classic olives he yields them the warmest epithets; and it is only when we get to Sappho's Leap that there is an apparent lack of enthusiasm, and it is only apparent, not real,—he only abuses that poor old harpist for her age, the knowledge of which has deprived him of much poetic sorrow. Let us hope, if only for Mr. Taylor's sake, that some Sapphic friend will prove the sentimental lady to have been as young as her tendencies.

It is at page 30 that Mr. Taylor recounts the terrible departure of his respect for modern Greece. It is clear his geniality had barred his belief in the tales of travellers who had "done" Greece—he touched her soil determined to believe, and hard indeed is his admission, that these modern Greeks are not the equals of their ancient brethren. For our parts, we believe the modern Greeks are very fair representatives of their classic predecessors; Time has swept away the realities of old Greece, and, like a merciful historian, has only left a beautiful skeleton, perchance once filled up with a hideous body.

However, Mr. Taylor is not to be cast down for long, and he is soon making merry over the following prandial position:

"We had more success with the bread, but the wine resembled a mixture of vinegar and tar, and griped the stomach with shap claws. The appearance of the cheese, which was packed into the skin

of a black hog, who lay on his back with his snout and four feet in the air, and a deep gash in his belly, in order to reach the doubtful composition, was quite sufficient. We at last procured a few eggs and some raw onions, both of which are protected by nature from the contact of filthy hands, and therefore cannot be so easily spoiled."

Arrived at Athens, Mr. Taylor has not words sufficiently warm wherewith to depict that city, either as a modern or ancient metropolis. Before the Parthenon Mr. Taylor is absolutely prostrated. Behold his own words:

"Once having looked upon the Parthenon, it was impossible to look elsewhere, and I drew nearer and nearer, finding a narrow lane through the chaos of fragments piled almost as high as my head, until I stood below the western front. I looked up at the Doric shafts, colossal as befitted the shrine of a goddess, yet tender and graceful as flower-stems, upholding without effort the massive entablature and the shattered pediment, in one corner of which two torsos alone remain of all the children of Phidias, and—to my confusion I must confess it—all my fine resolves were forgotten. I was seized with an overpowering mixture of that purest and loftiest admiration which is almost the same thing as love, and of unmitigated grief and indignation. Well—consider me a fool if you like—but, had I been alone, I should have cast myself prone upon the marble pavement, and exhausted, in some hysterical way, the violence of this unexpected passion. As it was, I remained grimly silent, not venturing to speak, except when François, pointing to the despoiled pediment, said: 'All the other statues were carried away by Lord Elgin.' The strong Anglo-Saxon expression I then made use of, in connection with Lord Elgin's name, was not profane, under such provocation, and was immediately pardoned by the woman at my side."

Imagine Mr. Taylor "prone upon the marble pavement," and exhausting himself in some hysterical way, as though there were a dozen in fact turning off the steam of enthusiasm to prevent an explosion in, as Mr. Taylor would express it, some kind of manner.

This visit to the Parthenon of course results in an æsthetic delirium, as may be seen in the following wonderful performance:

"In their perfect symmetry was solved the enigma of that harmony which is the very being of God and the operation of His laws. These blocks of sunny marble were piled upon each other to the chorus of the same song which the seasons sing in their ordered round, and the planets in their balanced orbits. The cheerful gods are dethroned; the rhythmic pulsations of the jubilant religion which inspired this immortal work have died away, and Earth will never see another Parthenon."

To this little rhapsody we cannot help classically saying "fudge!" The idea of styling that first-class ticket-of-leave man Jupiter a "cheerful God" is a little too much for common sense and Christian patience. Even Mr. Taylor anticipates some opposition to his view, and in answer to an imaginary question, he says:

"Atheistic? Prove it, and you glorify Atheism. You may take models of the Parthenon, at home, you may take drawings and photographs, and build up any super-transcendental theory out of such materials. Then come here, stand in the midst of its ruin, listen to the august voice which yet speaks from these sunburnt marbles, and unless you be one of those narrow souls who would baptise upon his mother's grave, you will fall down upon your knees and repent of your sins."

To which we must again chorally answer, "*qui s'exerce s'accuse*." There must be a transcendental malaria in the United States.

When Mr. Taylor gets clear of the Parthe-

non we can enjoy his book once more. It is good, after that maniac struggle for fine writing, to hear him praise Athenian beer and the fountain of Callirhoë, and it is equally pleasant to read the narrative of his visit to the King and Queen of Greece. Here are the portraits of these incongruous potentates:

"About nine o'clock there was a stir in the halls beyond; the crowd parted, and the King and Queen, accompanied by the officers of the court and the ladies of honour, walked into the centre of the ball-room. The guests fell back, the foreign ministers and high officers of state pressed forwards, and a highly dignified circle of some size was thus formed. The King looked remarkably well in his Greek dress of blue and silver; in fact, I saw no other costume so rich and tasteful as his. The Queen wore a Parisian dress, white tulle over white satin, trimmed with roses, a coronet of pearls, a superb diamond necklace, and a crinoline of extravagant diameter. The Marshal had probably stated that I spoke German, as the King at once addressed me in that language. He is quite near-sighted, and thrust his head forward close to my face, as he spoke. He is of medium height, forty-two years old, and has some general resemblance to Jules Benedict, the composer. His head is bald on the crown, but he wears a large brown moustache, which almost conceals his upper lip. His nose is prominent, his chin pointed, and his large, hazel eyes rather deeply set. The prominent expression of his face is amiability, mixed with a certain degree of irresolution. His complexion is pale, owing to long-continued ill-health, and he has an air of weariness and sadness when his features are in repose. The throne of Hellas is evidently not an easy chair. As a young man, he must have been handsome. . . . She is near forty years of age, rather under the medium height, and inclining to corpulency. She is said to have been quite handsome, even so late as five years ago, but retains very little beauty now, except such as belongs to robust health. Her face is large and heavy, her mouth long, thin, and hard, and her eyes, of that fine clear gray which is so beautiful in a gentle face, express a coldly gracious condescension. She evidently never forgets that she is a Queen. Her movements and manners are certainly remarkably graceful and self-possessed, and she is withal a woman of will, energy, and ambition. I watched the two narrowly during a part of the evening, and a hundred indescribable little traits showed me that the amiability and kindness are all on the King's side, the pride, ambition, and energy on the Queen's. Neither one is the ruler required by Greece."

That Mr. Taylor is a man of great observation the following extract will show:

"What impressed me most, perhaps, in this survey of Grecian notabilities, was the striking contrast which I found between the heroes of the Revolution and some of their immediate descendants, and the later generation which has crept into power since Greece became free. I was glad to be able to believe, after all, that the corruption and misrule which have gone so far to turn away the sympathies of the world from the young nation, are not justly chargeable to the former—that honour and honesty existed, and still exist, among the Greeks. One may be deceived in the impression created by a single individual, but hardly in that of a whole class, and the distinction was here too broadly marked not to be real. It was a refreshing thing to turn from the false, sneaking, plotting faces of some of the present hangers-on of the Court, to the brave, determined heads, keen, straightforward glances, and native nobility of bearing of the old chieftains."

Mr. Taylor is rather hard upon the Eastern Christianity; indeed the faith is frequently very unphilosophically contrasted with the dead religion of the soil. Here is a specimen of this unpardonable fault:

"Indeed, with all proper reverence for the feeling of reverence in others—with no disposition to

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make light of sincere religious feeling, however expressed—it was almost impossible for me not to smile, or stop my ears, at the tremendous nasal bellowings which now and then shook the church. The bulls of Bashan, bellowing in concert, would have made music, compared to it. Again I say, let us worshipped God better, when he built the Parthenon."

Nor does Mr. Taylor delight in ridiculing one faith alone, Mahomedanism even does not please him:

"Among them I noticed a Bosnian, whose white turban and green jacket denoted particular holiness. Accosting him in Arabic, which he spoke imperfectly, I found he was a *hadji*, having made the grand pilgrimage to all the holy places. We quite agreed upon the subject of Damascus, the mere mention of which brought the water into his mouth. He prayed with praiseworthy regularity, at the stated times, generally finding the direction of Mecca within four points. One evening, however, while we were at anchor, the ship drifted around with the tide, and the *hadji*, not noticing this, commenced praying with his face towards Rome. I at once perceived this scandalous mistake, and interrupted the devotions of the holy man, to set him right. 'In the name of God!' he exclaimed; 'but you are right. This comes of trusting the Frank vessels.'"

The quiet unction and want of sentiment with which these anecdotes are related become positively repulsive.

Spinked over the pages are some very interesting atoms of political feeling, which Mr. Taylor remarked during his tour; for instance, upon the occasion of a grand ball at the Athenian Court, Mr. Taylor noted that the reception of the Russian ambassador by the crowd was positively enthusiastic—a significant fact. There are many such interesting pieces of information in the book.

At Crete Mr. Taylor saw that celebrated blue, Mademoiselle Kontaxaki, who is thirty years of age, who speaks French, English, and Greek with equal facility, who is "up" in every Greek author from Hierocles to Lycophran, and who has "nothing very striking in her appearance," except her beautiful black eyes.

It was in Crete also that Mr. Taylor came to the conclusion that:

"In Greece the wine was no doubt resinous in ancient times. The pine-cone topping the staff of Bacchus is probably one symbol of the fact."

And Mr. Taylor narrates that before he left Greece he came to like the resinous wine. A striking example of the education of the palate, as may be exemplified by any one who will take the trouble to steep copal in brandy, and drink off the mixture.

Mr. Taylor has not left Crete when he falls foul of the Christians again:

"The same person attacked François violently for his disbelief in the annual Easter miracle at Jerusalem, proclaiming that the fire actually came down from Heaven, and none but an infidel could doubt it. The belief in this blasphemous imposture, I may here remark, is almost universal among the Greeks. F., who has a hearty detestation of all Christian paganism, broke out with, 'A miracle, indeed! I can perform as great a miracle with a Lucifer match. Ask the patriarch of Jerusalem if he knows what phosphorus is! If he can turn Mount Ida into a lump of cheese, so that we can all cut from it as long as we like, I should call that a miracle worth something—but you go to Jerusalem and pay five hundred dollars to save your soul, by lighting a candle at his lying bit of wax!' The Governor, who had been at Jerusalem, enjoyed the dispute, until he found the parties were getting too much excited, when he abruptly changed the subject. He had given, under the Sultan's direction, 100,000 piastres towards the building of the new Greek Cathedral in Khania. What Christian

government ever helped to build a mosque? What Catholic country ever gave funds to a Protestant Church?"

Being in Crete, Mr. Taylor of course remembers Epimenides, and his disparaging little assertion with respect to the Cretans. He does not attempt to solve that old logical knot, but he informs us:

"St. Paul, referring to the Cretan poet Epimenides, says: 'One of themselves, even a prophet of their own said, The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies. This witness is true.' It is just as true at the present day, as applied to the Cretan Christians, and to many, but not all, of the Turks. I scarcely know which disgusted me more, during the journey—the beastly manner of life of the Cretans and their filthy bodily habits, or their brazen falsehood and egregious vanity."

In the chapter, "Two days with an Archbishop" (of Crete) we have a charming exhibition of tolerance on the part of the holy metropolitan, for it was Lent, and the Archbishop was strict, yet

"During the whole of our stay, we fared sumptuously. The table groaned twice a day under its weight of fish, flesh, and fowl, and, so far from being shocked, the Metropolitan benevolently smiled upon our mountain appetites. I explained to him that the Protestants eschewed outward observances of this kind, considering that the fast should be spiritual and not bodily. In order to make the matter clearer to him, I referred to St. Paul's remarks on the subject of circumcision."

At Corinth Mr. Taylor had an opportunity to exhibit his calm "jollity," and he did it:

"During the night, I was awakened by the crash of a falling wall belonging to the large house; the shock was already over. But at daylight we were visited by the most powerful of all. The violence of the upward and downward motion caused the walls on either side of us to crack open and separate, with a horrid, grinding sound, while many of the smaller stones fell around us. We were in bed, and felt rather concerned for our safety, but were too intent on watching the phenomenon to take measures of escape. I felt relieved, however, on finding that the storm was breaking away, so that we could soon put ourselves on a more stable soil than that of Corinth."

Our traveller hands us a curious tale from amongst the Spartans, of whose ancient brethren by-the-bye Mr. Taylor utters the more satisfactorily disparaging things:

"There is a curious story connected with Vitlyo. About a hundred and fifty years ago, say the people, emigration from Mania into Corsica was frequent; among others, the family of Kalomiris, or Kalomeros (both names are mentioned), from Vitlyo, who, soon after their settlement in Corsica, translated their name into Italian—*Bonaparte*. From this family came Napoleon, who was therefore of Mainote, or ancient Spartan blood. Pietro Mavromakhalis, it is said, when he visited Napoleon at Trieste, claimed him as a fellow-countryman on the faith of this story."

Of course "Byron in Greece" is quoted in this work, but we look upon the quotations with doubt—it is questionable how much is real enthusiasm, and how much clap-trap, and we do not love to be cheated out of sympathy.

One of the most satisfactory features of this volume is the absence of all American self-laudation. We find but one instance of the crime, and here Mr. Taylor may say "not I am guilty," for the compliment, and it is really immense, was the utterance of "a native of Limni," who said:

"An American sailor is a gentleman, but the Greeks are all liars and scamps. They are my people, but I hate 'em."

The better part of the work is decidedly that portion which refers to Greece, and which makes up three-fourths of the book.

The remainder, devoted to Polish and Russian travel, is hurried, valueless, and stale, quite unworthy of Mr. Taylor's reputation; and, indeed, he himself in a measure apologises for it in his introductory chapter. He visited the celebrated Polish salt mines, and declares them to be a more precious deposit than gold; he marks that the Polish Jews are great in the matter of bodily perfume; proves that much of Mr. Sala's bitterness in the "Journey due North" was, however slightly, exaggerated; exhibits the governmental charity in a most splendid light; pays a just tribute to the accomplishments and *savoir faire* of Russian society; and praises the American railways by admirable inference, when he, an American, deprecates the sums which have been "wasted" to make them secure. Nor does Mr. Taylor forget the good Samaritan Kokoreff—doubtless some day to be canonised. As an American, our author justly admires the extreme sociability of the Russian Court; does not too strongly vituperate the sweet-smelling Apraxin Rinok—the "lovely" Exchange of St. Petersburg; and yields a just meed of civilised praise when he at last arrives in European Europe, and hears the people about him talking a language he can understand.

In conclusion, this book is very readable and attractive, not because it contains many beauties, but because it possesses few faults. Americanisms are pleasingly absent, national prejudices have no existence, and we feel we are reading the travels of a man of great common sense, good humour, and observation. What Mr. Taylor tells us we have heard scores of times before, but he recounts well, and will have many hearers; only when he meets with "physical aesthetics" and "pompous Christianity" do we find him a little wearisome; yet these little cloudlets of stupidity but serve to increase the sunshine of the work, and show how very bright and genial it is. As we read Mr. Taylor's work, we recall to mind one of his own sentences written in praise of a happy journey, "It was a day loaned (what a word!) from the treasury of Heaven, and we shouted, as we rode, from an overplus of animal joy."

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE readers of all newspapers are just now surfeited with science. There is scarcely a topic that comes within the range of physical inquiry that is not at this present time undergoing a course of debate at Aberdeen; all sorts of old questions are disinterred, all kinds of obsolete theories resuscitated; and it will be well if there be not a controversy on the origin of man, arising out of the flint knives found with fossil remains in more than one place within the past year. There will be a gathering at Balmoral, for his Royal Highness, the chief of the sages, has invited his brethren to lunch. Two hundred are to partake of Her Majesty's hospitality, and never was science so honoured and exalted before.

But in spite of the royal cold chicken and ham, in spite of the illustrious names to be daily noticed in connection with the great northern constellation, there are some so densely inapprehensive as still to ask—what good is to result from it all? What benefit has the Association conferred on science? What great discoveries have been made by its means? These questions are so often put, that at last they begin to acquire importance from their reiteration, and we shall proceed

to show what advantage is really derived by science from such meetings as these. We are quite willing to allow what must be evident to all acute observers, that the really scientific men go to amuse themselves, and generally succeed pretty well in the attempt, and that the non-scientific people go to be amused, and with an equally satisfactory result; that dinners, balls, picnics, and excursions of all kinds, are the chief objects in the minds whether of the learned or unlearned who make up a congress; and that no one expects any very wonderful discoveries to be made known for the first time either at morning or evening sessions—but all this may be said, and yet the congress work perfectly well, and be a most useful aid to the progress of science. It is much to get the celebrities of the day together, to make them acquainted with the stars—minor stars though they be—of the provinces, to show young students what discoverers and inventors are like, how they talk, dine, and lecture; to excite a kind of enthusiasm on their behalf, and through them on behalf of science itself. How many a genius has been determined in its career by a brief introduction to literary or scientific society? Besides this, though great theories or new discoveries are rarely brought in the first place before such a body as the British Association, yet the generality of those who are present hear them discussed for the first time. The topics which have occupied the Royal Society during the year are popularised during the session of these travelling *dilettanti*; and hundreds obtain a tolerable notion of the giant steps by which Science is measuring her progress, through attending the various sections of such a meeting. Nor does the benefit stop here. Reports of these doings fill scores of newspapers, and convey to thousands more, who were not able personally to attend, some notion of what is doing in the world of intellect. To doubt the good effects of such a meeting as that which is now rejoicing in princely smiles at Aberdeen, because it discovers neither planets nor gases, is just as rational as to call schools useless for the same reason. To keep the national mind up to the mark, to show how science is valued, to encourage an intercommunication of ideas, and to recognise the great truth that we cannot all excel in all pursuits, these are the objects for which *savants* meet in congress from time to time; and so far as they succeed in doing this, so far we may say that they make their relaxation almost as valuable as their serious studies.

A great deal of mutual compliment is sure to take place on such occasions. The professors of one science glorify those of another, and are glorified in turn, while the president sheds a perfect shower of laudation on them all. Now, there are certain philosophers of the sect of the cynics who object to all this, call it by the generic name of "humbug," and augur ill of British geologists because Sir Roderic Murchison finds a few honeyed words for Sir David Brewster; and are equally despairing about science in general, because nobody who ever did anything goes without his meed of praise. But, after all, the cynics are wrong—great men are not the less great because little men offer them an ovation, and little men have clearer views of the dignity of science, when in such an ovation they have been allowed to have their share. It often happens that the collector of facts in physics or natural history knows little of their value till they are

brought into the great market of intellect, there they fall into their proper places; they are like the stones of an arch, useless by themselves, of unspeakable value when arranged in their proper position. The greatest services that most men can render to science consist in observing and recording facts; and it is peculiarly the province of such an Association as the British, to receive their collections and to encourage them to persevere.

Lady Morgan, writing upon female education, said, "Women are badly instructed, because they are taught to do a great number of things imperfectly; let them by all means have a superficial knowledge of many subjects, but let them strive to attain excellence at least in one—let them have a speciality." Now, what this clear-sighted woman said of her own sex, is certainly true of the un-fair portion of humanity, at least of those who meddle with science. A man who wishes to be a *savant*, and to stand well among his brethren, must have a speciality. It may be a comparatively small one, but if he thoroughly understand it, it is sufficient to make him both useful and distinguished. The Prince Consort, in his modest and graceful speech, laid great stress on this important point; he referred to the daily-increasing field of scientific investigation, and showed how closely its regions were connected. He dwelt on the necessity of divisions and subdivisions, and of appropriating to each labourer his own particular sphere of action. Day by day those divisions are multiplied. New sciences arise and claim the undivided attention of explorers and practitioners; each will reward amply and certainly the labours of those who honestly give themselves up to its investigations; and a man of finished education ought to have some general knowledge of them all.

Nevertheless "*non omnia possumus omnes*" is a text upon which the whole proceedings of the Association are a sermon; and no part of them is more sensible or more practical than the speech of the royal Chairman elect.

Our readers will hardly expect from us any detailed account of what has been done at Aberdeen this autumn, the proceedings will doubtless be published in the usual and orthodox form of a volume, a goodly tome, having its value not as a store-house of scientific truth, but as a record of scientific progress. Those who have time to read it will rise from its perusal much better acquainted than they were before with the present state of geology and astronomy, of statics and dynamics; but if they have anything else of importance to do, they will be wise to defer the reading, even if they do so *sine die*.

The philosophic character is not to be met with every day; the manner in which some very excellent gentlemen floundered about in their speeches and essays at Aberdeen may be taken as a proof of this—but we should be sorry indeed to say to them, "Don't do so any more!" they would flounder about equally if they betook themselves to politics or to diplomacy, to law, physic, or divinity, and their floundering are a great deal less likely to be mischievous while they take their present direction. We value the meeting more because it is a gathering of *dilettanti*, under the special patronage of royalty, than for any direct advantage which is to accrue to science by its means. We must, if we would build, have hods to hold and trowels to spread, and this meeting is a great scientific trowel. It spreads the

mortar, and enables the bricks to stick together; but it does not profess to be the *matériel* of the edifice. It is like the commencement at our universities: we see the scientific degrees conferred, hear what the great doctors think of each other and of themselves, what are their opinions as to the progress made by their respective sciences, and how England and continental countries stand with respect to each other. All this is more than merely entertaining, it is actually useful, and all the more so by being understood and valued as what it is, and not as that which it ought not and does not pretend to be.

The Prince Consort spoke of the duty of the Association to bring theoretical and practical men together; and he very ably illustrated, by the instance of the sportsman, how much each might do for the other, showing that there is a practical light in which to view science, and a scientific light in which to view those pursuits and even amusements which seem to be far from intellectual in their character. One other subject was touched upon by his Royal Highness, slightly for evident reasons, but pleasantly. The British Association for the Promotion of Science is the eldest of a class. There are two for archaeological purposes, and one which has taken social science, or, as it now delights to be called "sociology," under its special protection. It is possible that this last series of sciences may derive more benefit from meetings such as these than either physics or archaeology; but all are advantaged by spreading a taste for their details, and bringing those together who are interested in their progress.

SHORT NOTICES.

Revue Indépendante. 3e Liv. (Jeffs.) We have here the third part of a new review in the French language, which is to make its appearance monthly in London. The first section of each part is devoted to political articles, which are written with ability, but in that wrong-headed manner which seems ingrained in the political refugee; they are, we need hardly say, intensely anti-Napoleonic. The second division is pleasant reading. It consists of short notices of new French books in every department of literature. When we say that this section is under the direction of M. Gustave Masson, of Harrow, it will be a sufficient assurance to those who know that gentleman's thorough acquaintance with the early as well as recent literature of his country, that these *critiques*, however brief, are not the hasty and flippant jottings of a *littérateur* who has picked up what knowledge he possesses of the subject on hand from the book he is reviewing. Finally, there is an alphabetical list of the principal works published in France during the previous month. Altogether the *Revue Indépendante* is not without interest as well as value, but we fear it has hardly originality or spirit enough to secure a ready English market.

Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney's *Account of the Invention of the Steam Jet or Blast*, &c. (G. Barclay.) The object of this pamphlet is to prove that the steam jet, which is of such vital importance to the locomotive engine, was invented and brought into successful operation by Mr. Gurney, and that consequently the honour of this discovery has been erroneously attributed to Mr. Stephenson.

Revue des Deux Mondes, Vol. 23. Part 1. The monarch of French periodicals maintains the reputation it has acquired during an existence of twenty-nine years. The part issued on the first of this month contains an article on Locke, his life and works, by M. de Rémusat. M. Alphonse Esquiros continues his excellent paper on "*L'Angleterre et la Vie Anglaise*," devoting the present chapter to the *Petits Métiers de Londres*, wherein

Thomas Payne, Esq., Barrister-at-law, is mentioned under the name of Judge Payne. We little expected to find Lord Shaftesbury's humour taken *au sérieux*, and turning up in so droll a form.

Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. Vol. XX., Part I. (John Murray.) This valuable periodical contains several useful treatises of great importance to the agriculturist, amongst others, an article on American implements and methods of economising labour is exceedingly good, as are also those on the application of steam power and on liquid manure.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Aspects of Religion in United States of America, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information, Vol. 1, royal 8vo. 4s. 6d.
 Bentley's Quarterly Review, Vol. 1, 8vo. 15s.
 Books for the Country: Moore (T.), British Ferns and their Allies, 1s.
 Brooks (J.), Nautics, 12mo. 1s.
 Bryce (J.), Claims of Christianity in India, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
 Buckland (A. J.), Elements of Botany, 12mo. 1s.
 Burn (R. S.), Illustrations of Judaism, 4to. 3s.
 Cary (H. W.), Merry Evenings for Merry People, 8vo. 1s.
 Cheever (G. H.), Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mont Blanc, new ed. 12mo. 2s.
 Companion for Youth, Vol. 1, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 Dargue's Pronunciation of French Language, post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
 Dickinson (H. H.), Lectures on Book of Common Prayer, 12mo. 6s.
 Eadie's Spelling Dictionary of the English Language, by Browne, new ed. square, 2s. 6d.
 Examination Papers, Civil Service of India, 1859, 2s. 6d.
 Greenwood (J.), London Vocabulary, English and Latin, new ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
 Gresson (A. W.), Complete Chess Squarer, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 Habits of Good Society: a Handbook of Etiquette, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Haver (A.), Complément du French Class Book, 8vo. 1s. 3d.
 James (W.), Naval History of Great Britain, Vol. 6, 12mo. 5s.
 Kibell (W.), Climate of Brighton, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Kennedy (Lieut. Gen.), Notes on Defences of Great Britain, 4th ed. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
 Milburn (W. H.), Autobiography, Ten Years' of a Preacher's Life, post 8vo. 4s. 6d.
 Moore (T.), Latin Book, illustrated, 4to. 15s.
 Nood (H. M.), Manual of Electricity, 4th ed. 8vo. 25s.
 Oxford University Examination Papers and Division Lists, 1859, 8vo. 3s. 6d.
 Pictures of Heroes, and Lessons from their Lives, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Quakers (The), their Rise and Decline, 8vo. 1s.
 Railway Library: Grant (J.), Legend of the Black Watch, 12mo. 2s.
 Rawlinson (H.), Sermon on Freemasonry, 8vo. 1s.
 Reade (J.), Walt and Hope, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 Ross (R. W.), Papers on French and Kindred Subjects, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Routledge's Atlas of the World, 8vo. 2s. 6d.
 Rinn and Read Library: Owen (W.), Memoirs of Christian Martyrs, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
 Salmon (G.), Evidence of the Work of the Holy Spirit, 8vo. 1s.
 Schneider (C. H.), New Practical French Reader, new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Scrobbly (W.), Journal of a Voyage to Australia and round the World, 8vo. 12s.
 Statutes 22 and 23 Vict. 1859, royal 8vo. 3s. 10d.
 Steven (W.), History of Heriot's Hospital, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
 Stopford (E. A.), Work and Counterwork, Religious Revival in Belfast, 8vo. 1s.
 Taylor (G. L.), Stones of Etruria and Marbles of Ancient Rome, 4to. 15s.
 Tourner's French in Ten Months, Part 2, post 8vo. 1s.
 Tyler (A. F.), Elements of General History, new ed. 21mo. 3s. 6d.
 Universal Decorator, edited by R. Thompson, 1st series, 4to. 15s.
 Vaughan (C. J.), Blessedness of Receiving and Giving, 8vo. 1s.
 Wheeler (C. T.), Analysis of Old Text History, 7th ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Wilkes (C.), Handy Book of Villa Architecture, 4to. 27s.
 Williams (D.), The Bible, Teletotalism, and Dr. Lees, 8vo. 2s.
 Wright (T.), Guide to Uranium, 12mo. 1s.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

HEAD-MASTERSHIP OF HARROW SCHOOL.—The following circular has been addressed by Dr. Vaughan to the parents of boys now at Harrow:

"Dear Sir,—The end of this term will bring with it the completion of the fifteenth year of my head-mastership. I have resolved, after much deliberation, to take that opportunity of relieving myself from the long pressure of those heavy duties and anxious responsibilities which are inseparable from such an office, even under the most favourable circumstances. With how much reluctance I form and announce such a resolution, it is needless for me to say. I have no doubt that the governors of the school will elect as my successor in this important charge some one in whose administration, aided by the exertions of my present able coadjutors, you will have reason to feel entire confidence. I earnestly hope that you will find yourself able to allow the education of your son to be completed where it has been begun. I shall ever retain a grateful remembrance of the confidence which you have reposed in me, and a lively interest in the continued welfare and prosperity of this beloved and honoured school.

"I remain, dear Sir, your faithful servant,
 Harrow, September 16. "CHAS. J. VAUGHAN."

The many English friends of Director Haidinger, of Vienna, will be pleased to learn that His Imperial Majesty has lately been pleased to confer on this distinguished mineralogist and geologist the title of Court-Counsellor (*Hof-rath*); a very high distinction in the Austrian official sphere, "on account of his able direction of the Imperial Geological Institute," as expressly announced in the imperial rescript. All votaries of science must rejoice at so well-deserved a favour having been thus bestowed by the sovereign, and will regard it as a symptom of real interest for science gaining ground in the governmental circle of the Austrian empire.

Scientific society in Vienna has suffered a severe loss by the decease of Professor Grailich, an eminent, though young, mineralogist attached to the Imperial Museum. He was not quite thirty years old, and was married scarcely two years since. Prof. Grailich died of consumption, and the close of his brilliantly-opened scientific career has deprived natural science in Austria of one of its most distinguished representatives.

It is impossible that Daguerre, when he had succeeded in producing his first picture of the Louvre Gallery, could form an idea of the multifarious uses to which the discovery wrapped up in that little cloudy image would be applied within the course of a few years. It has been recently suggested to employ photography to copy the inscriptions on the rock tablets of the valley of Sinai, which exist in almost countless numbers, and are supposed to be the work of the Israelites during their wanderings in the desert.

SIR JAMES STEPHEN, K.C.B.—We have to record the death of the above gentleman, on Wednesday, the 14th instant. The deceased, who was in his seventy-first year, was son of Mr. James Stephen, Master in Chancery. He was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and shortly after, being called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, he received an appointment in the Colonial Office, in which he subsequently rose to be under-secretary. Relinquishing this position in 1847, he received the honour of knighthood, and then entered the republic of letters. He wrote largely for the *Edinburgh Review*, besides several works on biography, history, and other subjects. He was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, which office he held till his death.

SIR ISAMBARD KINGDOM BRUNEL.—Among the many eminent men which England owes to the various emigrations from France caused by the different civil and religious convulsions of that country, we must place in the foremost rank the late Sir Isambard Mark Brunel, who constructed the block-making machinery at Portsmouth, and pierced the Thames Tunnel, each in its day esteemed a marvel of ingenuity and perseverance. No less exalted is the position lately occupied by his son, who has just passed from among us, and who will be identified through all ages as the promoter of several of the most gigantic enterprises of the day, enterprises mostly connected with the improvement of the means of locomotion on land and sea. The subject of the present notice was educated at the Collège Henri Quatre at Paris, whence he returned to England at the age of eighteen, and commenced his career under his father's eye. His energetic persevering character and the aptitude he displayed in the studies necessary to the profession he had adopted, marked him out at once as an aspirant for its highest honours. He assisted his father in the formation of the Thames Tunnel, and when that was interrupted he undertook the construction of docks at Sunderland and Bristol. The success he attained at the latter port led to his nomination as engineer to the Great Western Railway, when that line was first projected, and it is to his genius that this magnificent undertaking owes the broad gauge, and the beautiful works which render it unrivalled in the world. With land transit marine steam navigation was readily associated, and we accordingly find him projecting the *Great Western* steamer, the first which crossed the Atlantic, despite the asserted impossibility of the feat. Marine steam navigation being established, Mr. Brunel turned his attention to the use of iron in the construction of ships, with what success the *Great Britain* will attest; then seizing the advantages offered by the screw over paddles, he strained every nerve to introduce its use into the navy, where it now reigns paramount. Having thus by successive steps placed ocean navigation on a firm basis, and perfected the mode of propulsion, his last and greatest effort was in the direction of economy, by enabling the ship to carry all the coal requisite for circumnavigating the globe. To effect this a vessel of 22,000 tons burden was the smallest which could fulfil the

conditions required, and nothing daunted by the magnitude of the enterprise, he set to work, and the *Great Eastern* is produced, his crowning work, and which while depriving him of life by over-tasking an enfeebled frame, will itself be a monument, handing down his name to the latest posterity. Sir I. K. Brunel, aged 53 years, expired at half-past ten o'clock on Thursday night, the 15th inst., and was buried at Kensal Green on Tuesday last.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.—Captain McClintock, commanding the *Fox*, screw-steamer, sent out by Lady Franklin, has at length arrived in England and confirmed the fate of this memorable expedition. On the 8th of May, Lieutenant Hobson of the *Fox*, while exploring King William's Island, discovered a cairn at Point Victory containing a tin case with a record enclosed, of which the following is the substance:—"This cairn was built by the Franklin Expedition upon the assumed site of James Ross's pillar, which had not been found. The *Erebus* and *Terror* spent their first winter at Beechy Island, after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 77° N., and returned by the west side of the Cornwallis Island. On the 12th of September, 1846, they were beset in lat. 70° 05' N., and lon. 98° 23' W. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th June, 1847. On the 22nd April, 1848, the ships were abandoned five leagues to the N.N.W. of Point Victory, and the survivors, a hundred and five in number, landed here under the command of Captain Crozier." This paper was dated 25th April, 1848, and upon the following day they intended to start for the Great Fish River. A few miles to the southward of this a considerable number of relics were discovered, the greater number of which were brought home by Captain McClintock. The whole of the party is said by the natives to have perished, dropping down one by one on their journey towards the Great Fish River. Great press of matter prevents our saying more on this distressing subject this week, but we hope to return to it in a future number.

ART IN AMERICA.—The following paragraphs are copied *verbatim* from that New York weekly which has undoubtedly the largest circulation of any periodical in America—perhaps in the world:

Power's original *Great Slave* was lately sold in London for 1800 guineas. "Stattuary has riz—shouldn't wonder if we could sculp a little ourselves."

A GOOD THING.—The English people have one admirable quality: when they are beaten, they are not ashamed to own it. It must have been an astonisher to the British to find their long-vaunted yachts left miles behind by that second-rate American schooner, the *America*. Yet how handsomely, nay, enthusiastically, they acknowledged themselves vanquished. There was no attempt to explain the thing away. The day before the race, an old yachtman said to the American commodore, as he pointed to the *America's* rig, "If you are right, we are all wrong." The day after the race he said, frankly and emphatically, "You are right, and we are wrong." England responded. John Bull is just now giving us another proof of his magnanimity by bestowing just encomiums upon an American picture, Church's "Heart of the Andes," which the English critics rank above the productions of their own artists. This is the more commendable because landscape-painting has long been a specialty of English art upon which Mr. Bull has plumed himself—little supposing that he was in danger of being outdone by his American cousin. Mr. Bull, give us your hand.

Le tour est fait. English art is down. Oh, Stanfield, Roberts, Creswick, Lee, where are ye? Have ye not fallen before the immaculate Church's "Heart of the Andes." Far be it from us unjustly to disparage anybody or anything; but really, if Americans can so thoroughly appreciate "stättuary," it is a pity that Power's spindle-shanked, delicately-conscious Greek slave should come to London to find a purchaser; one would imagine that American dollars would buy Greek as well as African slaves. How great is America; she has, or she had, one Greek slave, and behold it was an entire Pantheon; one Heart of the Andes throbs into existence, and English artists are annihilated. Wonderful people; wonderful advancement! It was only in '55, and at the Paris Fine Arts Exhibition, that innocent people wondered what was the meaning of the unequalled specimens of American art the exposition contained. We remember the *chef-d'œuvre*; the centre-piece was the parable of the wise and foolish virgins.

It was very original; we remember one of the virgins, probably a wise one, for the atmosphere was hot in tone, had a parol up; it was very beautiful altogether. And we remember another picture—Franklin was painted in the manner the most appropriate to that charming philosopher; you could see right through him all the way to the canvas. What an advancing people are the Americans!

SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY.—We have good authority for contradicting a paragraph which appeared in the columns of a contemporary, to the effect that the Duke of Devonshire had authorised four eminent Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries to make a formal examination of the Perkins-Collier folio. We are told that there is not the slightest foundation for such a statement. His Grace on leaving town simply handed over the folio to the care of his solicitor, with directions that it should be shown to Mr. Collier or any of his friends who were anxious to inspect it for the purpose of examining the margins with reference to the statements of Messrs. Hamilton and Maskelyne. Although not actually asserting it, our contemporary would, nevertheless, lead the literary public to suppose that a committee of examiners had been formally sanctioned by his Grace; no such sanction has been given; nor, we believe, has the Society of Antiquaries, as a body, delegated to any of its members the task of examining into the authenticity or otherwise of the corrections.

Professor Nichol, of the University of Glasgow, expired on Monday last of congestion of the brain, resulting from disease of the heart. Dr. John Pringle Nichol was born in January, 1804, at Brechin, in Forfarshire. He studied mathematics at King's College, Aberdeen, and subsequently became Rector of Montrose Academy. He was appointed Crown Professor of Astronomy, in Glasgow University, in 1836. His published works are mostly on astronomical subjects; the moral sciences, as well as philosophical investigation and political reform, likewise occupied his attention, and he was greatly admired as a public lecturer. At the time of his decease, Professor Nichol was occupied upon a "Cyclopedia of Universal Biography," now in course of publication.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, September 21.

A CURIOUS experiment has been tried within these few days, and which has a good deal to do with French literature in general. Balzac's drama of *La Mardre* has been "revived" at the Vaudeville, and with great success. While living, Balzac had, like many other narrative and descriptive writers, an itching for the stage, than which it must be admitted nothing could appear less justified. If ever a man was devoted to minute detail, and to that species of descriptive talent that seems to set action at defiance, it was Balzac. He never found enough to paint, to describe. He once laboured for a whole hour with a gardener in Touraine, to make him teach him what the exact names of every different blade of grass were. "What is this?" said the *Romancier*, "Grass," replied the gardener; "And this?" rejoined the author of "Eugénie Grandet." "Grass," was answered again; "And this?" and the same word, "Grass," was repeated. "But, good Heavens!" exclaimed Balzac, "they're all three unlike: one is long and smooth, another rough and stumpy, and the third spiky and of different colour—they must have different names—they can't all be the same thing." But the gardener would not be brought from his point, and declared they were "all grass!" and do what Balzac would, he never could find any botanist (though I believe he worried all the professors of the *Jardin des Plantes*) who would give him a nearer insight into the patronymics of the slender green blades he used to pick up despairingly from the sward, saying: "What in mercy's name are all these?"

But this man, who thus so delighted in nomenclatures and classifications that the one term

"grass" would not satisfy his curiosity touching the small short herbage that spread out beneath his foot, this man, with his rage for describing, would really have seemed to be shut out from the broad-tinted, somewhat coarse, light-and-shaded scene where men and women act, in order that the public may comment on their deeds. His certainly was the unlikeliest nature ever to become that of a dramatist. Yet just for the stage and for the drama had he an intense longing. Nothing daunted, and nothing taught him. He was for ever going to "write a play," and for ever (what is more) trying to sell the play before it was written. Many and many a time used he to go to a director named Harel, a man famous in the Parisian theatrical world, and say to him, "I have a piece that will make your fortune," and then with the extraordinary volubility of elocution so peculiar to him, he would proceed to recount the one chief situation of the drama (*that*, he did almost always find), and often he would succeed in carrying away with him the sanguine manager, who by this sanguine temperament was very nearly ruined. But, when it came to anything more practical it was always found that the great novelist had not one single scene written of the "play" that was to "make all their fortunes," and that, do what he would, he could not for the life of him tell how to set about writing one. He caught hold of collaborator after collaborator, had nearly killed two or three by shutting them up in a house he had at Sévres, where he used to make them work all night under the influence of *café noir*, breaking in upon them half-a-dozen times to cry: "Well, is the plot ready?" but still no "one entire and perfect" skeleton of a drama would be forthcoming, and at last it seemed an established fact that Balzac was decidedly unfit for the stage. Once, however, he did make an attempt, and, owing to one very singular circumstance, it nearly succeeded. He took a personage of one of his own books, —Vautrin, from out of the "Père Goriot,"—and having already described him to his heart's content, he set to work to put him in action, surrounding him with other personages whom he knew equally well. The play was in five acts, and as several well-known types figured in it, the chance of a *succès de scandale* tempted the director of the Porte St. Martin, the same Harel to whom I have already alluded. He accepted the piece. Not only was the director tempted; but Frederick Lemaître, the actor, was so too, and the piece was rehearsed and brought out.

At the one solitary performance of Balzac's *Vautrin*, all Paris (literally, and without any figure of speech) was present. Faubourg St. Germain, Chaussée d'Antin, finances, fashion, every shade and description of society was represented that night at the Porte St. Martin: and when Frederick came out upon the stage, such a deafening roar greeted him as probably no actor ever was met by since theatres have been. The great comedian had kept himself shut up till the very last moment, and when came his *entrée*, he rushed upon the stage, personating a swindler escaped from the galleys, who is in a fair way to "make his way" in life, and dressed so exactly to imitate Louis Philippe, transformed so absolutely into the very *fac simile* of that monarch, that ever after "Vautrin" and the "Citizen King," were ideas and shapes indissolubly linked together in the popular mind. Needless to say, that the play was not permitted to come to a termination, although, after the first scene, Frederick had modified his wig, which was the greatest part of all his offences. Balzac's dramatic hopes were crushed for many a long year, and it was not till after the Revolution of 1848 that he began dreaming again of the old temptation.

Once or twice again he tried his luck, but decidedly fortune was not with him, and he died, not having been able to see *La Mardre* performed, and carrying to his grave the conviction it was the best thing he had ever done.

After his death, the most perversely undramatic school having come into fashion, and, as I have more than once observed, that which is made to be

read being chosen in preference for the stage to that which is made to be acted, Balzac's admirers contrived to have his dramatic sketches performed. *Mercadet* achieved a sort of success a year and a half ago; and *La Mardre* has now been brought out with considerable expense.

There is nothing particularly new, or original, or striking, one way or the other, in this play; and one asks one's-self why it should have ever seemed impossible, or why it should be possible just now? It is well acted, beautifully got up, and has really a success.

In the way of theatres I could not help wondering the other evening how so very enormous a fly should have slipped through the spider's web of the censure as I myself saw on the stage of the Cirque. There is a burlesque called *Cri-Cri* that is nothing remarkable in any way, excepting for one scene, which it is marvellous the authorities should have allowed to be performed. An eastern emperor of some fabulous country is seated in council, with his ministers and advisers around him: a law or measure of some kind is proposed, and the emperor looks to his council, and asks their opinion; one unlucky individual is beginning to explain why he does not like the law, when the emperor stops him, exclaiming angrily, "In my empire every man is free to say whatever he likes, so long as he always says what I like." Nor is this the only time the thing occurs; twice again in the course of the piece similar speeches are made, at which, it is true, the public would not be permitted to give any applause, but which, nevertheless, strike every one present as singularly applicable to the situation they are themselves living in.

Most truly, this is what it is now come to in France. Every man is free, "so long as he never opposes the government." It was for a moment dreamt that freedom of the press could be obtained, and people were calculating what degree of liberty they would have to dispose of; but Louis Napoleon and his advisers soon came to the resolution of "leaving well alone," and not tempting Fate by leaving the French press really free.

Something of this may be laid to the account of M. d'Haussonville's pamphlet, which first came out in the *Courrier du Dimanche*, and has now appeared in the form of a *brochure*. Hardly had the amnesty been proclaimed than Count d'Haussonville snatched up his pen, and wrote a protest against the Imperial institutions. Call it by whatever other name you choose, that is what it was in reality—a protest against the Imperial institutions; an address to the General Councils, in which they were besought to petition for increase of liberty, and in which they were straightforwardly asked whether the late disastrous war could, for instance, have ever taken place if, instead of the will of *one man*, the constitution of the country had subjected its destinies to the discussion of many, and to the influence of responsible ministers? M. d'Haussonville's appeal was one not of detail, but of principle; it was a direct assertion, that the *form* of the Imperial government was one that ought to be modified, if not changed.

Now, this was a mode of seizing the bull by the horns which Louis Napoleon decidedly objected to, and all the more so, that he could do nothing against the man or the pamphlet that annoyed him. The amnesty was but just promulgated; it would have been too ridiculous to fly in the face of all its assurances at once; therefore, the address to the General Councils was forcedly allowed to pass, and words ten thousand times worse than any Montalembert had uttered last winter, were to go forth to all echoes uninterrupted. That could not be helped; but what was to be so, was any repetition of the offence. Soon after the publication of the d'Haussonville letter, it was decided that no further freedom should be vouchsafed to the French newspapers, and it was only regretted that they should have thought themselves authorised to count upon so much as they had already enjoyed.

The *Journal des Débats*, however, is, as I told

you in my last, inveigled into printing a long wordy declaration of its own utter servility and readiness to obey in all things; and when that is done, and the baseness of what is held to be the leading newspaper in France is fully and duly proved, then out comes the short, angry note in the *Moniteur*, and sets all square again in the old despotic groove.

The *Sicte* is rather taken aback, and looks ruffled, and says it "didn't expect;" and mutters something about "decrees" and "laws," and is altogether mystified; but, notwithstanding the republicans, with whom the Emperor fancied for a moment he could make friends, freedom is a dangerous experiment for a man to make who, till he dares to declare war against England, must keep himself in his place only by the force of 300,000 bayonets, and Louis Napoleon will not run the risk.

A curious little anecdote is just now amusing the few people who remain in Paris in the autumn. M. de R— betted the other day that "two months" could swallow eighty-three dozen of green oysters in one hour. He offered himself and the one other "mouth." The bet was taken, and the day fixed. Eighty-three dozen oysters were forthcoming. M. de R— ate one dozen, rang for his servant, and ordered in the other "mouth." His servant went out, returned, and brought in—a pig! No need to say that the eighty-two remaining dozen were gobbled up in much less than the hour. But now comes the great discussion: and it remains to be seen whether the umpires will decide that the bet is won. The losers say, "We believed two men were to eat the oysters;" and the winner not very improperly replied, "How could you fancy anything save a pig could do so?" The answer implies a very well-deserved blame upon all such disgusting transactions as these, but a duel has nearly arisen from it. It was at first sought to represent the hero of the story as an Englishman, but in reality it is M. de R—, the wearer of one of the oldest names in France.

Paris, Wednesday.

Winter is rapidly approaching, and winter is "the season" of literature and art. But thus far the season is not one of much promise. With the exception of Victor Hugo's forthcoming volumes, which will of course be eagerly devoured, we have no books of much importance announced as in preparation—no new authors of talent destined to "come out." The newspaper press, which a week ago was indulging in the pleasant illusion that Louis Napoleon intended to grant it liberty, has been rudely told through the *Moniteur* that it must be dumb and shackled as heretofore; and therefore the journal will not be a substitute for the want of books. The prospects of the theatres are not cheering. Ponsard, to be sure, has come back from the Baden gaming-table with a new comedy in his portmanteau for the Odéon; but Ponsardian comedies are dreary things. The younger Dumas, it is true, is said to have completed the *Prodigal Father*; but the same thing has been said for the last three years; and, even if it be true, we are not sure that, because completed, the play will be played. And apart from Dumas and Ponsard, what is there? Echo (an Irish one) answers "Nothing." Neither at the Français, nor the Gymnase, nor the Odéon, the only three really literary theatres, is anything now underlined in the bills; and the Vaudeville, which aspires to be literary, is living, and seems likely to live, on revivals of Balzac. In the musical way all is blank; Roger has smashed his arm after losing his voice, and no one has come forward to replace him; Mme. Vestrali, who was announced to be a great singer, turns out to be only a bad one, and so the Grand Opéra will be in a sad plight. Having no performers, it will not of course think of bringing out new pieces. And at the Opéra Comique and the theatre Lyrique we have no promise of anything like brilliant novelty. Neither is there any reasonable notion for placing much hope in the Italian Theatre, the early opening of which bills are now announcing.

On the whole the "season" looks dull, black, dismal. And yet Heaven knows Paris has been so melancholy of late years that it sadly wants a little enlivening. It is becoming, in an intellectual point of view, a sort of great Stoke Pogis.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE Association's Sectional Meetings met on Saturday the 17th inst., and following days, in the rooms of the Marischal College, Aberdeen.

SECTION A.—*Mathematical and Physical Science.*

President—The Earl of Rosse, F.R.S., &c.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER exhibited a curious specimen of chalcidony, in the interior of which was a landscape minutely depicted. The landscape was evidently produced by the action of nitrate of silver, which had been insinuated into the interior of the chalcidony. It appeared that if this chalcidony was laid up in a dark room for four hours, the picture would entirely disappear, and that upon its being exposed to the sun for ten minutes, the picture was again revived, so that in this specimen there was not only evidence that a landscape might be insinuated into its interior, but also that light might be stored up for a time, and again brought out.

Phonograph, or Apparatus for the Self-Registering of the Vibrations of Sound. By Messrs. Scott and Kenig.

M. l'abbé MOIGNO laid before this section, Physical Science, a collection of sheets of paper in which are self-registered the sounds of the human voice, organ pipes, or tuning fork, to the amount of 500 or 1000 vibrations. So accurate a delineation had never before been made, and was judged almost impossible by the great masters of science, its success was therefore greeted with enthusiastic admiration.

This continued enregistrement forms an undulatory curve so perfectly and distinctly traced that the naked eye can easily reckon the atmospheric vibrations, especially when it is divided in periods by the periodical intervention of a chronometer. It is very curious to examine the variations which the curves undergo when the sounds are the results of the component parts of different harmony. For instance, a note with its octave, third, fourth, or fifth, or any other consonant relation, as the 17th or 19th. When the sounds are very nearly in harmony, but not in perfect accord, their simultaneous resonance produces beats, and these beats are perfectly indicated or made known to the naked eye. These splendid results of the powers of the phonograph were never seen in Great Britain before the Aberdeen meeting.

SECTION B.—*Chemical Science.*

President—Dr. Lyon Playfair, C.B., F.R.S.

A report by Professor MASKELYN on "The Chemical Character of the Photographic Image," was read. The report stated in a lucid style the parts which the various chemicals play towards perfecting photographic pictures. Two other communications, in regard to photography, were made—viz., "A description of a photograph of fluorescent substances," by Dr. Gladstone, and the exhibition of two Photo-chemical experiments by M. Niece de St. Victor, also a collection of photographs in charcoal, and coloured by metallic powders, and photograph enamels by M. l'abbé Moigno. Many beautiful specimens were produced by the Abbé, showing the high position which photography occupies in Paris.

The Abbé Moigno likewise explained a new method of generating illuminating gas by means of super-heated steam and any hydro-carbon, invented by M. Issard.

SECTION C.—*Geology.*

President—Sir Charles Lyell, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.

MR. HENRY C. HODGE read the first paper in this section on "The Origin of the Ossiferous Caves of the Plymouth Limestone."

MR. D. PAGE, F.G.S., gave in a report on the exploration of the Upper Silurians of Lesmahagow,

in terms of the Association's grant to Mr. Slimon. During the last summer, Mr. Slimon and his son had diligently explored the fossiliferous tract of Upper Silurian strata in the parish of Lesmahagow, and the result of their operations had been to exhibit still further the highly fossiliferous character of the Niberry Silurians, and to give ample indication of a very varied and curious crustacean fauna, altogether new to Palaeontology. Sir R. MURCHISON said that Mr. Page had the merit of introducing Mr. Slimon's discoveries to the British Association—at its Glasgow meeting—and he (Sir R. M.) thought that language could scarcely exaggerate the value of Mr. Slimon's discoveries to Palaeontologists, and he cordially agreed in the recommendation that an additional grant should be given to Mr. Slimon.

Professor PHILIPS, at this stage of the proceedings, intimated, amidst the applause of the Section, that it had pleased the Queen to offer to all foreign gentlemen in this neighbourhood, to all officers of the Sections, and to members of the General Committee, an invitation to breakfast at Balmoral on Thursday.

The same announcement was made in the other Sections.

Major-General PORTLOCK then made some remarks on the discussions which had taken place on the previous day.

SECTION D.—*Zoology and Botany, including Physiology.*

President—Sir William Jardine, Bart., F.R.S.E.

Dr. G. WILSON read a paper on the employment of the electrical eel, *Gymnotus Electricus*, by the natives of Surinam. Communications from a resident were read by Dr. W., giving information regarding the method of receiving the shocks.

A paper by Dr. Bleeker on new genera of fish from Java, being purely technical, was only briefly alluded to.

Dr. DICKIE read a paper, "On the Structure of the Shell in some species of Pecten."

A discussion took place on this paper, in which Dr. Redfern, Mr. Peach, and others took part.

"Notes on the Arctic Flora," by Mr. Taylor, student of medicine, Aberdeen. The following remarks are founded on two voyages to the shores of Davis's Straits:—From 72 deg. to 74 deg. N. on the east or Greenland side, the coast is rocky and precipitous. Along this coast also there are numerous islands more or less conical in form, which also present precipitous cliffs. The land in the interior consists of a complicated system of ravines and mountain ranges, the former usually occupied by glaciers; between 74 deg. N. and Cape York the surface seems to present an extensive *mer de glace*. The original soil varies in its nature, having often more or less peat on the surface.

The land on the west or American side of the Strait presents an extensive plain along the sea border, the mountains in the interior being fewer than on the east side, but apparently higher; this land is also destitute of glaciers, and its sea free from icebergs; any which occur have been drifted from another quarter; in the interior there are mountains, plains, and numerous lakes.

The east side is sooner clear of snow than the west side, just as that border of the Strait is sooner clear of ice. On the land the snow first disappears in a zone fifty to one hundred feet above the sea, extending thence upward and downward.

The Flora is on the whole rich and varied; about one hundred and fourteen species of plants were collected (a list was given), belonging to twenty-four natural orders, in the proportion of seventy Dicotyledons to thirty-eight Monocotyledons, and in addition, three Ferns, two Lycopodiums and one Equisetum, besides numerous Mosses and Lichens. *Saxifraga oppositifolia* and *Salix herbacea* were the first seen in flower, the former in March, the latter about the end of May; the species of *Ranunculus* and *Papaver nudicaule* are among the latest; *Saxifraga Hirculus* is also late, flowering in the middle of August. *Ranunculus sulphureus* and *Papaver nudicaule* burst through a covering of snow at the time of

flowering. On many species the mature fruit is perfectly preserved under the snow during the long winter, and thus different birds find abundance of food in spring; the natives also avail themselves of the same supply. The buds on the peduncle of *Polygonum viviparum* are greedily devoured by the Ptarmigan and Snowflake.

Dr. DICKIE read a paper "On Greenland and Iceland Falcons," also by Mr. TAYLOR.

Mr. C. W. PEACH gave a catalogue of the Zoophytes of Caithness.

SECTION E.—Geography and Ethnology.

President.—Rear-Admiral Sir J. C. Ross, D.C.L., F.R.S.

On this Section opening, Colonel JAMES exhibited a small plan, prepared by him, showing the features of the locality where the late disaster in China took place; also the position of the twelve vessels forming the squadron that attempted to enter the river.

Sir J. BOWRING said he observed, with regret, that, in maps and in correspondence, this river was called the Peiho. No Chinaman would know it by that name. Peiho means simply "the river in the north"—any river to the north of the locality where you may then be. The real name is Tiensin-hoa, that is, the River of Tiensin. He would like to see the correspondence and maps corrected on this point.

THOMAS MITCHELL, Esq., read a paper "On the Russian Trade in Central Asia." He pointed out the extent of this trade, and the importance to Britain of looking after the demand for cottons, hardware, &c.

The Rev. S. HISLOP, F. C., Missionary, read a paper "On the aboriginal tribes of the province of Nagpore, Central India;" which entered in detail into the habits of those tribes. A paper by the Baron de Bode "On the Country to the west of the Caspian Sea" was communicated by Dr. Hodgkin.

SECTION F.—Economic Science and Statistics.

President.—Lord Montagu.

Mr. THOMSON, of Banchoy, read an interesting paper "On Industrial and Feeding Schools of Aberdeen."

Mr. HARVEY then read a paper on the "Agricultural Statistics of Aberdeenshire."

SECTION G.—Mechanical Science.

President.—Rev. Professor Willis, F.R.S.

J. F. BATEMAN read a paper "On the Result of Boring for Water in the New Red Sandstone, near Shiffral, in the county of Salop." The interest of the paper centered in the fact that the instance referred to seemed the only one in which a plentiful supply of water had been obtained from boring within the stratum of the New Red Sandstone.

The other papers were "On the Manoeuvring of Steam Vessels," by Admiral Paris, C.B. "On the New Action of what are called Heat Diffusers," by Mr. A. Taylor. "On a Boat Lowering Apparatus," by Mr. A. Batten. "On a Mode for Suspending, Disconnecting, and Hoisting Boats attached to Sailing Ships and Steamers at Sea," by E. A. Wood.

The last paper read was "On Smokeless Coal-burning in Locomotive Engines," by Mr. D. K. Clarke.

SECTION A.—Mathematical and Physical Science.

President.—Earl of Rosse.

The first paper in this section was a "Report on the Theory of Numbers." It was of a purely abstract nature. It will be printed in the Association's Transactions in full.

Mr. SYMONS read a report "On Thunderstorms." In the course of it Mr. S. stated, with reference to newspaper paragraphs of thunderstorms, that they were not received by the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade till verified, but it was only just to say that they generally were found correct, and as a rule the casualties are more severe than reported, and not less so. In 1853, 118 thunderstorms were reported in England, with seven men killed and eighteen injured; no women killed—seven injured, &c. A map showing the localities where

the storms occurred was exhibited. From this it appeared that certain localities were more frequently visited than others; for example, Yorkshire was thickly dotted over with the marks indicating "thunderstorm." The report gave a number of interesting details of the phenomena of thunderstorms—the effects of accidents, appearances on animate and inanimate bodies struck by lightning, &c., many of which were very curious.

In answer to a question, Mr. SYMONS said the effect of the lightning conductor was perfect in storms. Professor THOMSON said the conductors of Sir W. Snow Harris were best.

Admiral FITZROY said there had never been an instance of a vessel in the merchant service furnished with the conductor of Sir W. S. Harris being injured.

M. DE LA RUE read a very interesting paper "On Celestial Photography," in which he described the mode adopted by him in obtaining photographs of the moon and several of the larger planets—Jupiter and Saturn; as also how photographs of the sun had been obtained. A number of beautiful specimens were exhibited.

The next paper read in this Section was "On the Submergence of Telegraphic Cables," by HOMERSHAM COX, M.A. The subject proposed to be considered in this paper is one of very great importance, because a knowledge of the course taken by the cable while descending, and the strains to which it is subject, is essential in determining the probable sufficiency of strength of any proposed cable. The ordinary theory supposes the descending cable to preserve always a constant form, whereas any given form is necessarily unstable. The cable, in truth, descends with a sinuous motion, and just as an eel can ascend in water by a wriggling motion of its body, so here the undulation of the cable relieves the tension of a great part of the weight.

Professor THOMSON confirmed these remarks, by his observations on board the *Agamemnon*, which showed a tension much less than the theoretical tension.

Among the other papers of interest in this section was one "On the Transparency of the Atmosphere," by Mr. A. CRUICKSHANK, A.M., read by Professor MAXWELL.

SECTION B.—Chemical Science.

President.—Dr. Lyon Playfair.

Dr. ODELIN described a new mode of bread-making, which excited the admiration of the section, and which has been patented by Dr. Danglish. By this process, the carbonic acid is produced independently of, and superadded to, the flour, which consequently undergoes no modification whatever. The carbonic acid gas is stored in an ordinary gas-holder, and is pumped therefrom into a cylindrical vessel of water, whereby the water becomes charged with gas. This soda water is mixed under pressure with the flour, and the resulting dough becomes vesicular on removing the pressure. It is then divided into loaves and baked. This process is so rapid that in an hour and a-half from the first wetting of the flour, a sack of flour is made into two-pound loaves. The advantages of this new mode are—its cleanliness; from the beginning to the end of the operation, neither the flour nor the water is touched by the human feet; it conduces to the health of the work people; it is a very rapid process; it is certain and uniform; and it prevents any deterioration of the flour, so that, by this process, you can use flour which would require alum in the ordinary process.

Mr. TREVELYAN said this process was more fitted for large establishments than for domestic use. He recommended a plan which he had used for many years—namely by using muriatic acid and soda. A drachm of soda by weight and a pound of flour, and a drachm of muriatic acid by measure and a pound of flour, also, were the quantities he employed.

Dr. DAUBENY said that it was necessary to observe this caution in regard to the process mentioned by Mr. Trevelyan, that it was possible the muriatic acid might contain arsenic.

A remark made by Mr. Trevelyan, that it was the opinion of some that arsenic, when taken in small quantities, was not deleterious to the system, brought forth a warning from Dr. Daubeny and the President, not to put any faith in the statement in Dr. Johnston's "Chemistry of Common Life," that arsenic is taken by the girls of the Tyrol to improve their complexion, and that when taken constantly the system becomes used to it—that being the reverse of the fact.

Mr. LIVEING observed that he had heard, on good authority, that this use of arsenic had been told to Dr. Johnston by a practical joker, who did not like to confess his imposition after it had been made public.

A paper "On the Composition of Thames Water," by Drs. Odelin and Dupré, was next read.

Mr. G. C. FOSTER read a "Report on the Recent Progress and Present State of Organic Chemistry," prepared by Dr. Odelin and himself. The report began at the year 1832, and contained an interesting detail of some of the most recent discoveries, as illustrating the ideas which have guided chemists of late years.

SECTION C.—Geology.

President.—Sir Charles Lyell.

The first paper read was a strictly technical one by C. MOORE, Esq., F.G.S., "On Brachiopoda, and on the Development of the Loop in Terebratella," which was beautifully illustrated by diagrams.

Professor OWEN said, the paper read by Mr. Moore was a beautiful illustration of the great value of extended animal forms in increasing our knowledge of developmental anatomy, and of those natural history branches of knowledge that would at first sight seem necessarily to be derived from the study of recent species. Owing to the extreme rarity of living forms of the Terebratella family, he doubted whether they would have got the subjects for tracing all these beautiful stages of development of these complex parts which the multiplicity of fossil remains had afforded to the author of the present paper.

The President read a letter from Dr. Dawson, F.G.S., intimating certain discoveries which he had just made of a land shell and reptiles in the South Joggins coal-field, Nova Scotia, and enclosing two specimens.

Sir CHARLES LYELL, after reading the letter, said the discovery made by Dr. Dawson was one of no ordinary interest, and was surprised when it was considered that no formation had been worked to the same extent as the coal. Believing, as he did, that the regular beds of coal derived their vegetable matter, not from drifting, but from such swamps as those in the Mississippi, where vegetable matter was now accumulating without the slightest mixture of sediment, he thought it was a truly wonderful thing that so little progress had been made in the discovery of the air-breathers of that period. He was exceedingly delighted at the discovery made by Dr. Dawson, and a detailed account of these would be looked forward to with much interest.

Professor OWEN said that perhaps one of the most important features in this discovery of Dr. Dawson's, was the announcement that scales had been preserved in so long a period, which implied that they must originally have been osseous. It would greatly increase the value of these discoveries if they afforded evidence of the developments of the external skeleton.

Professor NICOL, F.R.S.E., gave an able and interesting notice on the relations of the gneiss, red sandstone, and quartzite in the north-west Highlands, illustrated by various sections. Professor NICOL had visited the Highlands, and had arrived at a different conclusion as to the succession of certain crystalline and sub-crystalline rocks from that arrived at by Sir R. I. Murchison. He contended that the great series of rocks in question were of older date than that assigned to them by Sir R. I. Murchison, and endeavoured to prove, by a reference to the sections which he exhibited, that the order of super-position which he advocated was the correct one.

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Professor HUXLEY gave an explanation of the newly-discovered remains in the neighbourhood of Elgin. Having received specimens of sandstone containing what he considered traces of reptilia, in order to work out the problem of their character, he was put in communication with Mr. Duff and the Rev. Mr. Gordon, but for whose efficient co-operation his labours must have been in vain. He was fortunate to obtain specimens containing impressions which led him to conclude it was a reptile and not a fish. He next obtained impressions in the sandstone of what appeared to have been once a bone, resembling the bony plates of an alligator, from which he came to the conclusion that the reptile was one of the crocodilian species. From these and other traces he was confirmed in the idea that it had been a crocodilian reptile allied to the Dinosaurian series, but presenting various points of difference from all existing or fossil species, and that the period of its existence must have been that presented by the green sandstone.

Professor OWEN said no one could fail to be impressed with the extreme minuteness and care with which Professor Huxley had examined the facts; with the clearness with which these facts had been described; and still more with the accuracy and soundness of the deductions which Professor Huxley had made. The paper read afforded a very instructive evidence of the value of the law of correlation of structure. He concurred entirely with the conclusions which Professor Huxley had drawn from a more complete view of those bones.

SECTION D.—Zoology and Botany.

President—Sir W. Jardine.

Dr. LANKESTER having read a "Description of New Species of Polyzoa and Echinodermata from Shetland," Mr. A. MURRAY read an interesting paper "On the Disguises of Nature," with illustrations, which was followed by a discussion, in which Messrs. Peach, Gould, and Dr. Dickie took part.

SUB-SECTION D.—Physiology.

President—Professor Sharpey.

The first paper was "On Reproduction in Gastropoda, and on some Curious Effects of Endosmosis," by R. Garner, F.L.S.

This paper was on the complicated generative organs of these animals, and upon the very curious phenomena presented by their spermatozoa from endosmosis. The author was disposed to think the albuminous organ of Cuvier in the helix to be an ovary, and the part at the extremity of the spiral body to give origin to the vivifying filaments only. He mentioned the art with which the helix burrowed a little pit, nicely puddled, in which to deposit its ova, covering them afterwards with soil. He showed that the curious calcareous dart was formed by the secretion of the two well-known beautiful fimbriated glands, of which the use has been considered obscure. The vagina has two darts. Several of the parts described, and even the heart, is covered with ribbed cilia. Though there may still be raised a few doubts respecting the physiology, the author claimed to have thoroughly investigated the anatomy.

The second paper was by Dr. Marcett, "On the Action of Alcohol on the Nervous System."

Professor BENNETT read a paper "On the Molecular Origin of the Tissues," and pointed out that fibres and membranes might be found altogether independent of cells, and that in the same way that there were nuclear fibres and cell fibres, so there were molecular fibres. This latter, in some cases, possessed distinct powers of contractility, as exhibited in certain vibrations similar to those seen in the nuclear fibres of the stalk of vorticella, and the cell fibres, and in others. Dr. Bennett then described a law which appeared to him to govern the development, and which he generalised by saying that growth and transformation in organic tissues is owing to successive formation of histogenetic and histolytic molecules—numerous examples of which he laid before the section. He then carefully described the recent researches of Mr. Rainey of London, and of Mr. Lister of Edinburgh, as furnishing further

proof of the correctness of the doctrine he had endeavoured to establish.

A lengthy discussion took place on this paper, in which Dr. Redfern, Professor Allan Thomson, Professor Palmer, and the Rev. Mr. Jamieson took part.

Mr. NOURSE then read a paper "On the Organs of the Senses, and on the Mental Perceptive Faculties."

A paper by Dr. Garrod was read "On the Specific Chemical and Microscopical Phenomena of Gouty Inflammation," in which he attempted to show that specific chemical and microscopical phenomena invariably accompany gouty inflammation, and these consist in the deposition of nitrate of soda, in a crystalline form, within the cartilages and ligamentous structures of the joints; and that such deposition is altogether pathognomonic, never being found in any other disease than true gout; and again, that such deposition is probably the cause, rather than the effect, of the inflammatory action; lastly, the author points out the great importance of ascertaining the true nature of the disease, as a means of arriving at its rational and successful treatment.

An interesting discussion followed, in which Professor Bennett, Dr. Camps, Professor Palmer, Mr. Garner, and others took part.

A paper was read "On the Supposed Distinction between Sensory and Motor Nerves," by Mr. G. H. LEWES, in which he endeavoured to show that they did not differ in property, but only in function, in consequence of their terminating respectively in skin or muscles.

Professor SHARPEY pointed out that the conclusions of the author, as to there being no difference in properties in nerve, was invalidated by the effects of poison, and more especially of Wourari and Conium, which paralysed the motor and not the sensitive nerves.

Professor BENNETT stated that the conclusions of the author, so far as concerned the influence which their mode of termination produced on the functions of organs and tissues, had for some time been admitted by physiologists, and that they have not only the terms sensory and motor, but secretory and vaso-motor, when they are traced into glands or blood-vessels.

SECTION E.—Geography and Ethnology.

President—Admiral Sir J. C. Ross.

The business commenced by Dr. NORTON SHAW, Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society, reading "Notes on the Lower Danube," by Major J. Stokes, R.E., bearing on the current, the coast, bars, and piers of that river, with its navigable uses.

Mr. CULL then read a "Memorandum of the Earthquake at Erzeroum," by Consul Dalzell, detailing the nature and extent of the devastation caused by it.

The next paper was a minute and interesting "Description of Ghadames," communicated by the Earl of Ripon, and read by Professor GEDDES, King's College. At the conclusion of the paper, Mr. Craufurd and Mr. Cull made some remarks, by which it appeared that Ghadames is a district of Northern Sahara, inhabited by a race distinguished from all the surrounding tribes in their customs and language. Both the country and people are very little known, and seem to have almost escaped the notice of travellers.

Mr. CULL then read some interesting extracts from a letter of Dr. Kirk to Alex. Kirk, Esq., relating to the Livingstone Expedition, and communicated by Dr. Shaw. The extracts form the very latest intelligence which has reached England of the intrepid travellers.

Dr. N. SHAW then read "Notes on the proposed Railway Communications between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, *vid* the United States of America." The paper contained a large amount of geographical and statistical information, and showed that the Americans strongly recommend the adoption of the route of the thirty-second parallel by Captains Pope and Parke, in 1853, from Preston to Pimas Villages, by Major Emory from Pimas Villages to mouth of Gila in 1848, by Lieutenant Williamson in California in 1853.

This was followed by the reading of a long and able paper by Major SYNGE, R.E., on "Rapid Communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific, *vid* British North America."

Sir RODERICK I. MURCHISON, in the course of a few remarks, in which he alluded to the able paper just read, said he did not know a single individual to whom he would wish to pay a greater compliment than to Major Syngé, for his thorough acquaintance with the subject of communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific. It must have been evident to every one who heard the paper read, that the Major possessed the power of generalising a subject with an ability and clearness seldom met with. He thanked the Major for his communication.

The other papers read were "Description of Passes through the Rocky Mountains," by Dr. Hunter, and communicated by Sir R. I. Murchison and read by Dr. SHAW; "On the Geography of Southern Peru," by W. Bollaert, F.R.G.S., read by Mr. CULL.

SECTION F.—Economic Science and Statistics.

President—Colonel Sykes, M.P.

A similar communication was read here as in the other Sections, on the subject of "The late Baron von Humboldt," and the memorial proposed in his honour.

Colonel SYKES said there could be but one feeling in the minds of all the Members of the British Association—that any honour which could be paid to the memory of so distinguished an individual as the late Baron von Humboldt should be cheerfully paid. A list would be placed in the Reception-room for members' signatures, and he hoped that no member would be deterred from inscribing his name because he might think it necessary to add a sum of money. That was not at all necessary; it was rather the large number of signatures that would be acceptable, and he hoped that all those who were connected with this concern would be disposed to place their names on the subscription paper.

Lord MONTEAGLE then said that this was a testimony on the part of the British Association to one of the most thoroughly European reputation which had existed in our time. His lordship concluded by moving "That this Section of the British Association desire to record their grateful admiration of the services rendered to science by the late lamented Baron von Humboldt, and their desire to co-operate in any measure which shall convey to posterity their high appreciation of these services."

Sir JOHN BOWRING seconded the resolution, which was put from the Chair, and carried unanimously.

Mr. J. POPE HENNESSY, M.P., in submitting his paper "On some results of the Society of Arts Examinations" to the Section, briefly reviewed the recent history of the examination movement. He divided the subject into scholastic examinations and institutional examinations. The former include such examinations as those so successfully undertaken by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, for the middle classes, and the latter were those conducted by the Society of Arts, for artisans or working men. They formed, in fact, one comprehensive scheme, each system supplying the wants of its own particular class.

Professor GEORGE WILSON of Edinburgh then gave some interesting statistics on "Colour Blindness." This was a subject, he said, which was now coming to be of great practical interest and importance in relation to certain professions. Colour blindness was a term applied, not to what he called a disease of vision, but rather a remarkable type of vision. He went on to give an explanation of the nature of this visual peculiarity, illustrating his remarks by laughable instances. This peculiarity shows itself chiefly—firstly, in the confounding of red and green; secondly, in matching or confounding dark red and brown; thirdly, in confounding red and black; and, lastly, in confounding different shades of the same colour. The Professor concluded by urging the importance of the subject in relation to railways and steamships, and the impropriety of employing colour-

blind people in such professions, where danger arose from mistaking colours.

The thanks of the Section were voted to the Professor.

Colonel SYKES, F.R.S., M.P., read a paper "On the Past, Present, and Prospective Financial Condition of British India." This paper gave rise to a lively discussion, in which Lord Montague, Mr. Bazley, M.P., and Messrs. J. F. Leith and J. F. Mackenzie took part.

Thanks were voted to Colonel Sykes for his very able and elaborate paper.

SECTION G.—*Mechanical Science.*

There were no fewer than fifteen papers down for this Section.

Mr. ALEXANDER GERRARD illustrated the motion of the Gyroscope, by substituting two balls mounted in the ends of a transverse rod, at equal distances from the centre.

MEETING OF GENERAL COMMITTEE.

A meeting of the General Committee—which was very fully attended—was held in the Library at three o'clock, the Rev. W. V. Harcourt in the chair.

The minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed.

The first point that came before the meeting was that of fixing the place of meeting for next year. Applications had been given in from Oxford, Manchester, Cambridge, Birmingham, and Newcastle.

Dr. Daubeny and Professor Walker represented Oxford; the Mayor of Manchester, Sir R. Fairbairn, Alderman Wild, Mr. Ramstone, and Mr. Rumsey, Manchester.

Mr. Hopkins moved that the Association's meeting of next year be held at Oxford, which was agreed to, the claims of Manchester for the succeeding year to be preferentially considered.

Dr. Daubeny then moved that the Right Hon. Lord Wriottesley be requested to accept the office of President elect for next meeting, which was agreed to.

The following were elected Vice-Presidents:—The Chancellor of the University of Oxford; the Rev. the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford; His Grace the Duke of Marlborough; the Earl of Rosse; the Lord Bishop of Oxford; the Rev. the Dean of Christ Church; C. Daubeny, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., and Professor of Botany; H. W. Acland, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., and Regius Professor of Medicine; W. F. Dinkins, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Astronomy.

The election of Secretary, &c., was next proceeded with, Major-General Sabine having intimated his resignation of the office of Secretary (on account, partly at least, we believe, of the state of his health), the following resolution was passed unanimously:—"That the cordial thanks of the British Association be offered to Major-General Sabine, on his retirement from office, after twenty years of unremitting attention to the administration of the affairs of the Association, of active participation in the magnetic survey, and other important scientific researches which it has recommended."

Professor Walker was then elected General Secretary, Professor Phillips was re-elected Assistant General Secretary, and John Taylor, Esq., General Treasurer.

There were elected as Local Secretaries for next year—Dr. Rolliston, H. J. S. Smith, Esq., M.A., and George Griffith, Esq., M.A., Oxford; and Rev. E. Hill, M.A., one of the Local Treasurers.

Professor WALKER suggested, with reference to the period of meeting next year, that immediately after Commemoration, which takes place on the 20th of June, would be a desirable time. If the Association could conveniently meet, say on Wednesday, 27th June, he would suggest that date.

SECTION A.—*Mathematical and Physical Science.*

President—The Earl of Rosse.

Sir DAVID BREWSTER read a paper "On the Decomposed Glass of Nineveh and other Places." He described the general appearance of glass in

an extreme state of decomposition, when the decomposed part was so rotten as to break easily between the fingers, a piece of undecomposed glass being generally found in the middle of the plate. He then explained how, in other specimens, the decomposition took place around one, two, or more points, forming hemispherical cups, which exhibit the black cross and the limits of polarised light.

SECTION B.—*Chemistry.*

President—Dr. Lyon Playfair, C.B.

A communication was read by J. G. MACVICAR, D.D., "On the organic Elements, and their Relations to each other and to the Medium of Light," illustrated by models, according to the author's theory of the forms and structures of the molecules of bodies. He began by recalling to the memory of the audience the remarks which had been made on the philosophy of chemistry on preceding days. He then proceeded to show that by giving an affirmative answer to the query of Sir I. Newton, as to whether the molecules of dense bodies may not be composed of particles of the medium of light, a molecular theory resulted which satisfied and explained to a wonderful extent the well-known atomic weights and phenomena generally of chemical agents.

A discussion ensued, in which Professor L. Playfair, Professor Williamson, and the Abbé Moigno took a part, but without giving their adhesion, as might be expected, to a theory which cannot be accepted without entering on a new era in chemistry.

SECTION E.—*Geography and Ethnology.*

President—Admiral Sir J. C. Ross.

Mr. A. AMEUNEY, a Syrian gentleman, read a paper "On the Arabic speaking population of the World."

Dr. MACGOWAN then delivered an address "On Chinese Genealogical Tables," which drew forth some discussion.

SECTION F.—*Economics and Statistics.*

A paper "On the British Trade with India," prepared by Mr. R. Valpy, was read by the SECRETARY.

The business of the Association terminated to-day (Sept. 21), the opinion of the members being that the Aberdeen meeting has proved one of the most successful ever held by the Association. All the sections brought their proceedings to a close yesterday, with the exception of A, B, and C, which met to-day for the disposal of the outstanding business. In the three sections there were twenty-seven papers read, of which we notice those of greatest interest.

SECTION A.—*Mathematics and Physics.*

President—Sir W. Hamilton.

Mr. JAMES SMITH read the first paper, "On the Relations of a Circle Inscribed in a Square."

Professor W. THOMSON read a paper "On the Reduction of Professor Forbes's observations of Underground Temperatures;" along with a paper on the same subject, with its application to monthly mean temperatures, communicated by Professor J. D. Everett.

Mr. J. P. HENNESSEY read a paper, "On the Inclination of the Planetary Orbits," in which he laid down as the general law of the inclination of the planetary orbits, that the planets most remote from the sun had the largest inclination.

Professor CLERK MAXWELL laid before the section an ingenious instrument for exhibiting the motions of a ring of satellites, the working of which he explained and illustrated, amidst the applause of the audience.

Professor CLERK MAXWELL next read a paper "On the Dynamical Theory of Gases," which gave rise to an interesting conversation on the various theories as to the movements of gases, in which Professors W. Thomson and Rankine and others took part.

Professor VON JACOBI, from St. Petersburg, read a brief paper "On the Comparison of Batteries," and answered one of two inquiries on the subject by the Dean of Armagh.

The time for the reading of the remaining

papers being limited, the Chairman intimated that only ten minutes could be allowed for the reading and discussion of each, which rendered it necessary for them to be merely given in, with a statement of the leading object of each, the papers being too long for even an abstract to be given of each.

SECTION B.—*Chemical Science.*

President—Dr. Daubeny.

Dr. ODLING read a paper "On Marsh's Test for Arsenic." Marsh's test, he said, depends on the production of arseniated hydrogen when arsenical substances are in presence of nascent hydrogen. The author showed that numerous and varied bodies, including the organic substances contained in ordinary earth, vegetable tissue, animal tissue, salts of copper, and ordinary salts, prevented the formation of arseniated hydrogen, and thereby defeated the action of Marsh's test. As a mode of separating the arsenic from these interfering substances, the author recommended the process of distillation with muriatic acid, whereby arsenic in the form of chloride of arsenic is isolated in a form suitable for testing.

SECTION C.—*Geology.*

President—General Portlock.

The first paper put down to be read was by Sir David Brewster, "On a Horse-Shoe Nail found in the Red Sandstone of Kingoodie." Great interest had been excited by the title of the paper, but Professor NICOL now stated that it was doubtful if Sir David would be able to attend.

Mr. BRADY read a paper on "The Elephant Remains at Ilford." The chief of these was the tusk of an enormous mammoth, identical with the Siberian mammoth. Remains of condors and other plants yet existent were found in the same strata. Thus the interesting question was raised of the coincident existence of those huge animals with man.

The PRESIDENT at this point took occasion to remark that nothing said or published by geologists in this direction could be held as destroying any rational belief in Revelation. They did not, and could not, assert that man lived, say 13,000 or 20,000 years ago.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman was passed unanimously.

MEETING OF GENERAL COMMITTEE.

A meeting of the General Committee was held in the Library at 1 o'clock, Dr. Robinson presiding. The grants of money for scientific objects, to the amount of 930*l.*, including 500*l.*, to the Kew Observatory, were passed unanimously. The reports of the various Sectional Committees were read by the Secretary, and approved of.

The concluding general meeting took place at 3 o'clock in the Music-hall.

In addition to the subscription of 100*l.* from His Royal Highness the Prince Consort to the proposed Humboldt Foundation, which was announced at the sectional meetings on Monday, Sir Roderick I. Murchison has subscribed the sum of 50*l.*

FINE ARTS.

ENGRAVING WITHOUT AN ENGRAVER.

ONE of the most curious of the many remarkable applications of photography is that of producing by its means copies of engravings and other works of art. The almost perfect reproduction of a drawing or an engraving, without the intervention of an engraver or copyist, would have seemed a few years back almost an impossible thing—yet we know that photography accomplishes it daily. But we have become so familiar with photography that we almost cease to wonder at its marvellous doings. Still the reproduction, true and beautiful as it is, is a photograph and not an engraving. We have now to introduce to the notice of our readers a new process by which it has been found possible without even the aid of photography, in fact as we may say by mere mechanical means, to make a perfect facsimile of an engraving—whether a copperplate or a wood-

cut—and not only to make a copy of it, but to produce a plate or block for surface-printing, that shall yield impressions by the ordinary printing presses quite equal to the original. But even this is not all. Blocks can by this process be produced, without the aid of any engraver, which shall print these fac-similes enlarged or reduced to any extent that may be desired. We have, for instance, seen a whole-page woodcut from the *Illustrated News*, reduced to half, and enlarged to double the original dimensions, without any loss of sharpness or vigour, and without the smallest distortion being anywhere discoverable, even with a lens. So again with an old and imperfect map; and so with an impression from a steel engraving. But it is equally applicable to original designs made with a peculiar ink and paper. Without the assistance of an engraver, blocks for surface printing can be prepared from them, either of the same or any larger or smaller size. But further, the blocks for printing can be produced of an altered form as well as a different size. Thus the normal pattern for printing on a dinner-service can be reproduced, say in its original size and round form for the ordinary dinner-plates, half, or any other proportion of the size, for desserts or cheese-plates, and twice the size and oval for dishes, &c. All this we have said is a mechanical process, but it is also a scientific one, and to be properly worked out we need hardly say, it will require artistic guidance. The textile and the ceramic manufacturer are almost equally interested in this invention with the publisher, but the range of its application seems to be commercially almost unlimited. The process is carried through by means of elastic blocks and electro-metallurgy: all that is required to be furnished the manipulator is an impression of the plate to be copied. The inventor is Mr. H. G. Collins, who has protected his invention by patents. A company called the Electro-Printing-Block Company, has been formed for working it. That the invention is regarded by business men as thoroughly practical, may, we suppose, be taken for granted, since the names of some of our leading publishers of illustrated works, and ceramic manufacturers are in the list of directors. When the scheme is more thoroughly in working order we may return to the subject, to notice the process itself somewhat more particularly.

Another process for engraving without an engraver, of which we gave a description some months back, also claims a word of passing notice. The *Photographic News* of last week presented its subscribers with a new plate, engraved by Mr. Fox Talbot's phototypic process. This engraving, a view of the Tuileries, is not only much larger, but much clearer and more effective than those previously given in the *Photographic News*, or shown at the rooms of the Photographic Society. So far it is a proof that the sun is making progress in the engraver's art. The copper-plate, after it left Mr. Talbot's hands was "steel-faced," and the sharpness and delicacy of the sculpture on the front of the building, and the various architectural details, prove as well the value of this auxiliary as the refinement and power of the phototypic process. Perhaps this steel-facing may in a great measure remove the difficulty of printing from a plate so slightly bitten-in a sufficient number of impressions to render the process commercially successful. If so, the chief point now is to secure greater firmness and transparency in the shadows. Should the remaining mechanical difficulties be overcome, we shall at length have undoubtedly permanent photographs of every class of objects obtainable at a moderate price. At any rate, if the art be carried no farther,—and it is inconceivable that, having so rapidly advanced thus far, it should halt where it is—Mr. Talbot will have solved the problem of producing photographic engravings, or, as we should prefer to call them, photographic etchings, entirely without assistance from the engraver.

A block-model and drawings of the proposed arrangement of the Horticultural Society's grounds at Kensington Gore, have been placed

for exhibition in the South Kensington Museum. From them it is evident that the grounds will be laid out in a very effective style; and that the architectural features will also be effective as well as convenient; but the magnificent art-works which were promised will, we are afraid, have to be waited for a little longer. The ground, which has been leased to the Horticultural Society by the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, is a parallelogram of about twenty acres, lying in the centre of the Commissioners' grounds, between the Prince Albert and Exhibition Roads. The ground is to be laid out so as to form three principal levels, with a total fall from north to south of about forty feet. The entrance will be from the lower or Brompton end, whence a main pathway, seventy-five feet wide, will lead to the upper or Kensington end, where will be the great Conservatory or Winter Garden. Arcades are to extend around the land, forming a sheltered promenade, and a covered way for the exhibition of plants and flowers, three-quarters of a mile long. The terraces will all differ in character, and will be not only laid out so as to display the horticultural products to the greatest advantage, but be adorned with basins, fountains, &c. But the arcades will be the grand feature in an artistic point of view. In all they are to be more than 4000 feet in extent, and at least twenty feet wide and twenty-five feet high; whilst around each garden they are to be of different design—though all Italian in style. But here again we have the old story of reproduction superseding invention. The architect is Mr. Sidney Smirke, A.R.A., who, in the Reading Room of the British Museum, has shown that he can make or adapt a design exactly fitted to the object in view, and without mere copyism of constructive and decorative features. But then, in the Carlton Club House and elsewhere, he has shown his readiness to adopt the easier and less artistic method of borrowing a design bodily. And now in this new horticultural garden we are to have a reproduction of two Roman colonnades, that of the Villa Albini, and the cloisters of the Basilica of S. Giovanni Laterano. Surely something new might have been devised specially for the purpose. The architects who invented these colonnades for a city with a climate and associations like those of Rome, and one of them to serve for a palace, the other for the ambulatory of a church, would assuredly have contrived something a little different if they had been directed to design covered promenades about a winter and a summer garden in the neighbourhood of London. However, as we cannot invent anything, we must even borrow; and borrowing, we might have borrowed worse. The arcades are to be constructed of brick and stone-work (the central arcades being of Italian brick-work alone), and terra-cotta and majolica will be freely introduced for decorative purposes. The decorative work, it is said, is to be under the direction of Mr. Sykes, late second master in the School of Art at Sheffield. The great Conservatory, or Winter Garden, with its connected verandahs, will be 275 feet long, 78 feet wide, and 60 feet high. The construction of the arcades and terraces is undertaken by the Exhibition Commissioners, who are to expend 50,000*l.* upon them; whilst the Conservatory and the laying out of the grounds are to be executed by the Horticultural Society at an equal cost.

Some time ago the architects of all countries were invited by the Brazilian government to send in designs for a new Opera House, to be erected on a grand scale at Rio de Janeiro. Three premiums of considerable value were promised to the most successful of the competitors. The result has just been announced, and it is rather noteworthy. Five-and-twenty architects responded to the invitation. The first premium, of the value of about 2250*l.*, was awarded to Gustavo Waenheldt of Rio Janeiro. The second premium, of 900*l.* value, was gained by Messrs. Green and Deville of London, and the third of 450*l.*, by Mr. S. Sloan of Philadelphia. This appears to be a somewhat curious distribution; an exhibition of the designs would be worth visiting. If Rio de Janeiro has an architect who can "lick the universe" after this fashion, it

might be worth his while to visit London. We should like to know what form the "battle of the styles" took in the capital of Brazil. In one respect the battle has ended differently to what it would probably have done in London. When the English Government invited a competition for a new Foreign Office it awarded the premiums as it had promised; but it set aside the design and the designer it had crowned as the best, and appointed a new architect to make a new design for the actual building.

A statue of Notre Dame de France, of extraordinary dimensions, is in course of erection on the Rocher de Corneille, near Le Puy (department of Haute-Loire). The statue itself will be about 53 feet high, and a staircase in the inside will give access to the head, whence there will be an extensive panoramic view. The statue is of iron, cast in pieces from guns taken at Sebastopol. The design is by M. Bonassieux.

The Wallace monument is not to represent the Scottish hero trampling the English lion underfoot. The Committee have awarded the first prize to a design by Mr. J. T. Rothead of Glasgow, which consists of a tower in the Scottish mediæval style, 220 feet high; and which it is understood will be at once erected, though there are loud complaints, by the unsuccessful competitors, of their interests having been imperilled by the Committee permitting a gross departure from the announced conditions. The second prize was awarded to Messrs. Peddie and Kinnear of Edinburgh; the third, to Messrs. Haig and Low of Glasgow.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison have issued their preliminary prospectus. It contains quite a list of names—more numerous, if truth must be spoken, than favourably known; but then Mr. Harrison and Miss Pyne are a complete coruscation of talent in themselves. No operative promises are made, and beyond a doubt *Dinorah* will be as popular as *Satanella*, and she will melt us each evening with all the lyric pathos of which Miss Pyne is alone capable, for we were wrong when we stated Miss Pyne would not play *Dinorah*, and we are very sorry to be wrong. The public will hear Miss Pyne sing "*Ombra leggiera*," and she will sing it twenty times as often as Miolan Carvalho, and she will be applauded, and *Dinorah* will run after her little goat, and the little goat will perversely run away from *Dinorah*.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—During the last week this house has been filled to overflowing. On Saturday last Mr. C. Mathews played for the last time previous to his return to America, and we need not say an immense number of people were drawn together to see this favourite actor play *Paul Pry*. The delineation cannot be described—it was wonderful. Mr. Mathews also played in the *Road to Ruin*. On Monday Miss Sedgwick made her re-appearance. She has not overcome her mannerism; a great pity, for Miss Sedgwick has the elements of a consummate actress. It were, perhaps, absurd to say that so dashing a lady as Miss Sedgwick wants confidence; but she does, and in her own powers, as is shown by her frequent imitation of favourite actresses. An habitual playgoer, to hear this lady with his eyes shut, would at times fancy that now Miss Sedgwick herself, then Mrs. Stirling, and sometimes Miss Reynolds, was speaking. Miss Sedgwick's portrayal of *Miss Dorillon in Wives as they Were*, and *Maida as they Are*, has some very good points, especially in the prison scene. Mrs. Wilkins, as *Lady Mary Raffle*, in the same comedy, made a decided success. On Wednesday Miss Reynolds made her appearance in Goldsmith's ever-welcome *She Stoops to Conquer*. Much may be said in favour of her *Miss Hardcastle*, especially in the barnyard scene; but the whole interest of the comedy was absorbed in Mr. Buckstone's *Tony Lumpkin*, one of the most admirable renderings that actor has ever given to the public. On Thursday Mr. Buckstone produced a little

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